

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Late last week the general items of expense connected with Sir John Thompson's funeral, aggregating thirty-three thousand dollars, were given to the public. A couple of Ministers intimated that outrageous over-charges had been made, some of the tradesmen demanding fifty and seventy-five per cent. more than their goods were worth. In consequence of this the bill was reduced to twenty-five thousand dollars, but the Canadian taxpayer is not sure even yet that all the over-charges have been eliminated, as the total is still swelled by such matters as top-boots for the undertaker's assistants, overcoats, etc. Sir John A. Macdonald's state funeral cost some six thousand and Sir George E. Cartier's some ten thousand. What are we to think of the officials who authorized this indiscriminate use of money at Sir John Thompson's funeral? The remains were landed at Halifax and interred there, the Imperial Government paying all the expense of sending the body home to Canada. To whom was this money paid? Were not some of these large amounts seized by political favorites of the Government or adherents of Sir John Thompson's church? Are top-boots and overcoats any particular sign of sincere grief when worn by undertakers' assistants? No shock to the sincere public grief of Canada over the death of Sir John Thompson could be greater than the fact that his political and religious friends endeavored to open the treasury while they closed his grave. It is a sickening episode.

And then what are we to think of the Government that is responsible for the weakness or dishonesty displayed in giving *carte blanche* to anybody? In the first place, if this expenditure was undertaken by the Government with any idea that the sum would be so large a one, it proves that those in charge of our funds are entirely reckless of the difficulties under which the taxpayer labors. If they foolishly gave open orders to shopkeepers and undertakers in Halifax and were paralyzed by the bill when it came in, it simply proves that they are unable to run as simple a thing as a funeral without having public money misappropriated and the expenses exaggerated beyond the bounds of human reason. As I remarked last week, we are not prone to discuss items of expense in connection with the burial of the well loved dead, but when we remember that no public work has been undertaken without robbery of the public till being the notorious adjunct of the expenditure, are we not justified in thinking that there is something radically wrong? If it were a solitary item of folly or extravagance it could easily be passed over, and those who mourn the late Premier would be most ready to overlook it, but when we consider the other jobs, the other extravaganzas, is it not right that we should pause and ask ourselves, cannot even so simple and sad a thing as a funeral occur without it being made the occasion of an exhibition that is either one of frightful disregard of expense or an example of depravity when even grief is prostituted to the ends of partisanship? Whichever way we take it, the disclosures in connection with the expenses of Sir John Thompson's funeral are thoroughly outrageous and scandalous.

The ordinary reader will not fail to notice in the reports of the Methodist Conferences and Anglican Synods that the citizen of this country must not only live very carefully on Sunday, but should make elaborate and pains-taking preparations not to die so as to make his or her burial necessary on the Sabbath. Sunday funerals cannot be permitted by at least one of the principal religious bodies; the clergymen have to work too hard on Sunday and consequently have no time to bury the dead on that day. Of course knowing the great strain that is put upon clergymen who have to preach twice in seven days and probably attend prayer-meeting in midweek, the justice of permitting the body to decompose while they get their sermons off is evident. A man or woman who is rash enough to die on a Friday during hot weather must be buried on Saturday or Monday. The fact that a man or woman has nothing to do, except in cases of suicide, with the exact date of his or her death is the misfortune, not of the person who dies, but of his or her relatives, and it must not be permitted to disturb the routine of the clergymen. Of course embalming is possible, but expensive. That also is the misfortune of poverty and has nothing to do with the work of the clergymen. Hereafter all right-thinking people should die on proper days in order that the funeral may be attended to at leisure. Those who insist on expiring when they have to, must accept the results. As the matter has been pronounced upon by learned and pious clergy, the indecency of dying on improper dates—Friday is an unlucky day anyhow—is so conspicuous that the dissolution will have to be put off to suit the convenience of those who have to administer the last sad and spiritual rites over the dead.

The refusal to permit Sunday burials of course is not new. The fact that people have been unable to live quite long enough to suit the leisure of the clergy has been made evident, but no change is to be permitted. It is to be hoped that no ecclesiastical law will be passed forbidding us to die on Sunday, because it might cause very great inconvenience to those who are ill unto death to prolong the struggle till Monday. However, if necessary we shall have to grin and bear it and keep breath in us until after twelve o'clock on Sunday night. Living has been made as difficult as possible on the first day of the week; there is no reason why dying should not be absolutely pro-

hibited. And it is really a trifling matter when we are buried. The remains are not always an inconvenience to those who loved the living, and sanitary concerns are of small moment. All that is now left is to fix a good easy day for us to die and we must see that the corpse is ready. It would really be a hardship, however, to insist that funerals should not take place in hot or cold or inclement weather, because even the dying person might not be able to foresee the atmospheric changes, and a number of people with poor judgment in such matters might depart on a fine day and the funeral occur on a stormy one. Of course the body and the relatives and friends could wait; it would really seem to be pressing the matter too hard to prohibit interments on days when the thermometer is under sixty or above ninety degrees in the shade. However, this little hitch could be obviated by having awnings and cold-air blasts, and that sort of thing, to be used by the clergymen. We are alive to the convenience of these gentlemen and we might

in want of maintaining them in affluence.

The appointment of J. A. Proctor and W. W. Withrow as the Arbitration Board in Toronto has met with no criticism. Knowing as we do that offices of importance and emolument are not given by the Mowat Government to Conservatives, we did not expect the claims of any Tory to be recognized, but as the gift had to be made in a partisan spirit we may as well admit that in Toronto two available men more suitable for the office or acceptable to the people could not have been found.

Even the Conservative press admits that Premier Greenway's reply to the remedial order was a dignified and strategic document. Without belittling the ability displayed by the members of the Greenway Government individually, I feel free to express the opinion that much of the cunning yet apparent guilelessness of the reply was decided upon in Toronto by Greenway, Sifton and Lyman D. Jones (a former member of the Manitoba Cabinet),

fused to pass and will be acting as the Legislature, consequently the Legislature itself can repeal the remedial act. If this be the case, the Manitoba Legislature can repeal remedial legislation as often as it issues from Ottawa, and things will remain *in statu quo*. I have spoken to several city lawyers about this point, and in every instance it has struck them as being worth looking up, and upon looking it up none of them have found any answer, though of course no exhaustive research was made by any of them. It would be a very ludicrous performance if such a battlefield and shuttlecock game were indulged in, and it might mean years of petitions and litigation. At the present stage of the game, with the Dominion Government on the defensive, as it is now, perhaps such a performance would not be welcome to them, even if the taxpayers have to pay for it and the whole country is kept embroiled over a question which should never have been raised in Federal affairs.

During the season of religious parliaments,

orthodox church. No doubt everyone is benefited by voluntary church-going, but I am doubtful if compulsory church-going can be made the means of contenting a man or uplifting his soul.

The latest addition to the programme of that chief atom of the Clerical Protective Association, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church, was made public in London on Saturday last. The report of the Sabbath Observance Committee, which was presented by Rev. Dr. Armstrong of Ottawa, set forth as sources of danger to the sanctity of the Sabbath: "Sunday traffic, radial railways, *Saturday excursions*, which render those going on them unfit for the proper observance of the Sabbath, or else do not return until Sunday; keeping open shops until Sunday morning and *Sunday bicycling*." I quote from the *Globe*, and though the construction of the sentence seems a little bit crooked I dare not interfere with the grammar of the report, for the *Globe* is a sabbatarian organ and SATURDAY NIGHT is not. The discussion which followed the submitting of this report indicated that legislation would be sought with regard to the points above enumerated, in order to further hamper the Evil One in his operations on the first day of the week and thus give him a set-back during the other six. I should like to enquire if amidst bills to prevent radial railroads running on Sunday and measures to prevent the mails being distributed over the country, and to prohibit trains carrying passengers to their homes, proposals are to be submitted to the representatives of the people to prohibit Saturday afternoon excursions and bicycle riding on Sunday. The whole discussion indicated such a procedure, and those reading the full report could not possibly obtain any other idea, consequently we should view these proposals as having been crystallized by the Assembly and expect legislation to be asked for.

The recent activity of the Sabbath Observance Association was excited by the proposal to run street cars on Sunday. The main argument used by the orators and writers who espoused the cause of an undisturbed Sabbath, was that in the cities it had become a habit, if not a law, to close business places at one o'clock on Saturday, thus allowing the employees an opportunity to get all the fresh air their systems required and abolishing the necessity of Sunday excursions. Now we find these same people trying to abolish Saturday afternoon excursions for fear those who indulge in them will be too tired to go to church. What next? How about Saturday forenoon excursions? They might be prolonged until evening and be so satisfactory that church-going would seem wearisome. The same can be said of Friday afternoon excursions, and if it were not that we must be permitted some opportunities to earn money to put upon the collection plate, no doubt we would be asked to rest all week to get ready for Sunday. Yet we were told that Sunday is a day of rest. How is this, when the latest declaration is that we are to use Saturday afternoon in resting so as to be ready to rest the next day? Was anything more sublimely preposterous ever proposed by an assembly of reasonable men? However, it is quite in accordance with the doctrine that Sunday is not a day of rest, but should be a day of church-going made laborious by the absence of week day means of locomotion. It was not enough to banish the trolley on Sunday, because a few men would have to work in order to save thousands from weariness who would ride on street cars if they got a chance. Now they propose to prohibit the bicycle, where every man, woman and child does the propelling with his or her own legs. Nobody has to work for anybody else on a bicycle, and the next movement will be to abolish the propelling power, that is, the legs themselves, so that no one may even walk elsewhere than to a church on the day of rest. Even this is not far enough for these peculiar people to go. Rev. Dr. Parsons, notorious as one who out-Pharisees the Pharisees, would stop people from going to "temperance meetings with a religious veneer"—(applause)—which were taking church members away from the Sunday school and the home; it was a species of spiritual entertainment, which would destroy the power of meditation." He also declared himself in favor of the abolition of "the celebration of anniversaries by military and society display." Another kick was "the holding of ethical discussions in which ministers of standing took part, meeting with infidels, agnostics, etc., who were delighted to get the Sunday spent in such a manner. These things were debauching public sentiment." At this paralyzing climax of what the Presbyterian Preachers' Protective Association wanted, Hon. G. W. Ross was called upon to express his opinion, but for once he was evidently paralyzed by the preposterous proposals and refused to express his opinion. Comment is unnecessary; anything approaching such a climax of concentrated selfishness or fanaticism, whichever you may call it, has never before been seen.

These clerical gentlemen go away for their holidays to Muskoka, to the sea, to Europe, leaving students and visitors to swelter in their pulpits, but the poor church-goer, he must not go away on Saturday and stay over night; he must not ride his bike to church; he must not have a street car; he must attend to his devotions even though the pastor, like Rev. Manley Benson, is away knocking down eleven hundred dollars in a few weeks, talking emigration and paying for his halls by Sunday services. To paraphrase Stead's famous



CUPID'S BAIT.

just as well die to suit their pleasure, or else prevail upon the clergymen objecting to Sunday funerals to club together and hire a pious but cheap assistant to attend to them. Indeed, it would be profitable for the poor to pay a funeral minister for Sunday services, inasmuch as those who can ill-afford it must lose an additional work-day by having burial deferred.

I am sorry that anybody was ungentle enough to vote against the gratuity to Lady Thompson and her family. I am prepared to complain of extravagance and recklessness in high places, but, as has been frequently declared in these columns, the widow and the orphan of the honest and patriotic statesman should never be left in want. That friends have contributed a considerable amount to secure her from penury is no argument against a public recognition of the services of her husband, which have been sufficient to entitle Lady Thompson to a sufficient income to maintain such a position as Sir John Thompson could have assured her had he practiced his profession. There is no spectacle so apt to divert from right-thinking the minds of those who are in public life as that of the widow and family of an honest and brilliant man left in want. Such a picture should never be presented to a man who is choosing between right and wrong, for I feel sure that many a good man is weakened in the hour of trial when he has to choose between leaving his family

presided over at various times by that past master in meaning one thing and saying another, Sir Oliver Mowat. I would not suggest that they met together, yet singly it is not unreasonable to imagine that at least Messrs. Sifton and Greenway sat at the feet of the astute diplomatist and learned of the tricks by which he has almost always been able to maintain his dignity and always his position. However this may be, the reply was a clever one and put the Ottawa Government on the defensive.

In this connection, just now, what many people are pondering over is the question: What will happen if a majority in the House of Commons can be found to pass a bill enforcing remedial measures? It is quite evident that those in charge of Manitoba's affairs are absolutely confident that even remedial legislation would be a wasting of the paper it would be written upon. I have a letter from a lawyer in the West suggesting a point which I have not hitherto heard raised, though it was suggested in Hon. Mr. Cameron's speech on Wednesday last. If the Dominion Government takes advantage of the power which the B. N. A. Act gives it and passes a bill enforcing Separate schools upon Manitoba, it will be acting in lieu of that legislature and presumably on behalf of the people of the Prairie Province. As such it will be passing an act which the Legislature re-

when but little else of interest is in the newspapers except murders, suicides and hangings, it is to be hoped that the task will not seem over-congenial if I devote considerable space to comments upon the sayings and doings of our spiritual law-makers. When the physicians and surgeons who look after our bodily ailments were convened in this city, it was noticeable that they were rather over-anxious with regard to the fees and privileges of their cult, and we should not be surprised if much of the time taken up by the gentlemen so properly and intensely interested in religious work is, or was, being devoted to the preservation of their prerogatives and the extension of their power. The physicians and surgeons endeavored to accomplish a similar end by making the medical and saw-bones business a close corporation. The druggists do the same by trying to prevent the sale of patent medicines in general stores, and indeed by prohibiting the dispensation of cure-alls except in regularly recognized dispensaries. The clerical gentlemen, equally strong in the impulse to see that they do not get the worst of it, are insisting to an extraordinary extent upon the proper observance of the Sabbath. Of course it seems like belittling a great profession to suggest that their efforts point directly to the making of the Sabbath a day for the preachers and depriving the people of all sources of change, excitement and contact with their fellows except such as can be obtained in an

sermon, if Christ came to Toronto or visited the London Assembly would not He drive these people out with the cry which would find an echo in the hearts of all who cannot afford the pleasures of the rich and the clerical: "My house is the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves."

The Toronto Methodist Conference has also been discussing the Sabbath question and has condemned, though not apparently with an idea of forcing legislation, bicycling on Sunday, Sunday discussions of political and social questions, and parades on the Lord's Day. To emphasize my remarks on the Presbyterian view of the Saturday afternoon excursions, I quote the report of the Methodist body, which stated that a half-holiday during the week was closely allied to the proper observance of the Sabbath, "as the possession of the former rendered less necessary any special need of an outing on the Lord's Day." If our Methodist brethren, however, arrange to paralyze Saturday afternoon as the Presbyterian Assembly would like to have it paralyzed, this plea in favor of squaring the populace by giving them a chance to have a 'half day' out in order to get ready for Sunday, will have no force. The chief point I desire to make by reiterated comment upon these peculiar actions of the religious parliaments, is the unanimity with which the clergy and those of the laity who act as their stool-pigeons are trying to become proprietors of the Day of Rest. We resist a monopoly in every other form; why should we not resist this undisputed attempt of the clerical guild to completely prostrate individual, corporate, or any other measures to promote a quiet, healthful day of rest, untrammelled over by anybody, restricted only by the well known human need of an absence from labor of the majority, with a due sense of the needs of the few who may have to work in order that the great mass of humanity may rest? That all temperance meetings, camp-meetings and other enterprises which accept gate money or demand a silver collection are being interfered with or denounced gives me no pleasure, as such action will deprive many of a semi-sacred opportunity of an outing which they may hereafter not possess. In order to make themselves appear consistent, the religious bodies seem inclined to stiffen their own lines, disregarding entirely the demands of humanity and the yearnings of those who cannot be satisfied with the husks that are given them from so many pulpits.

The *Evening Star* makes a very sensible suggestion with regard to voting on water-works by-laws: that all the people should have a voice in settling such a matter. Is it not true that the consumer pays for the water, not the landlord? Is it not also true that the health of the consumer, who must drink from the tap, is more seriously endangered by bad water than is the health of the landlord, who may have a cellar full of mineral waters or other beverages? Therefore is it not plain that the consumer should have the say in order that his life may not be endangered because of the ignorance or niggardly nature of those who own the property upon which he lives?

The following is an extract from the Ottawa Citizen of the 18th inst:

PARTING PRESENT—REV. DR. BENSON RECEIVES A PURSE OF GOLD FROM OTTAWA FRIENDS.

Rev. Dr. Benson was pleasantly surprised last night at his residence by the presentation to him of a purse containing a handsome sum in gold from a few representatives of Dominion Church congregations. The purse was accompanied with the best wishes of Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Judge King, Peter Whelan, etc., etc. The amount of the purse was two hundred dollars.

The above item needs no comment except that Sir Mackenzie Bowell and the Dominion Church Methodists at Ottawa endorse the "Rev." Benson's eleven hundred dollar grab and the check shown in defending it. At the time of writing the Conference has not seen fit to condemn the deal. The newspapers of this country are not particularly prudish, yet I have not seen one defend the Benson business, though we are led by the above item to understand that Methodism and Bowell approve of it. If so, what are we to think of Methodism and Bowell? We ought to decide this question in our minds immediately, for if Canadians, preachers and all, are "out for the stuff" and engaged in an indiscriminate scramble for whatever can be picked out of the public pocket, the sooner we all engage in the scheme the more even will be the division of the spoils. There are thousands of people who are only being restrained by patriotism, honesty of purpose and a fear of public criticism, from going into the altogether too prevalent business of being public pick-pockets. If these trifling restraints are removed, then all that remains as our highest ideal is to be the most expert "nimble-fingered gent" in order to obtain profit, prominence and popularity. Such a scheme, sanctioned as it appears to be by the Premier and Methodism, appears to be approaching. To be in it early we should all practice the art of carrying our hands in other people's pockets.

In connection with the description of the festivities connected with the opening of the Kiel Canal, it is said that Bismarck snubbed Gladstone when he called upon him. I do not believe it, but if it is true it puts Bismarck in a worse light than the one in which he has generally been regarded. No matter how old or how great a man may be, or how he may differ with Gladstone, the latter is regarded by all the English-speaking races as a great man, and Bismarck should certainly not risk his reputation of being a gentleman as well as a warrior and statesman by trying to snub him. It is hard, however, to be great in the presence of daily newspapers; every day it becomes more difficult to be even respectable while the news-gatherer waits at every turn to connect the innocent citizen with all sorts of rumors and crimes. For instance, a man and a woman were found in the throes of death in a suburban locality and a local daily in writing up the history of them both stated that the man had a very respectable sister—naming her—in one place, and a brother who was well off and highly thought of in another place—naming him—and the woman was connected in another place with very respectable people—naming them. Why is it necessary to drag respectable people into the

columns of a newspaper and bulletin the fact that they are "nearly related to a criminal, a suicide or some other disreputable person? Why was it necessary to publish the name of a well-to-do and respectable farmer who was accused by the man Welter, hanged on Tuesday, as being the real murderer of Hendershot? No one believed the statement; why cast a stigma on the family of the innocent man who was accused by the despairing scoundrel who wished to save his own neck and liberate his fellow-conspirator? Is it not nearly time that newspaper "enterprise" abandoned this fashion of making trouble for the innocent, as well as chronicling the painful details of the crime of the guilty?

Reading over my contribution to this week's paper I am struck, as you may be, that much of the space has been used in criticizing things which are—so-called—religious. Treat me and what has been said with the Christian charity which is probably lacking in my make-up. The events of the week have been, both in political and religious parliaments, so numerous and of such a nature that they naturally became the chief topics. I am not sorry. There is more ardent humbug in both of them than can be found anywhere except in a Labor Convention. If these things were to be spread over the year I would not give you such a grist all at once, but if I can impress those who read with the real position of affairs I am satisfied even if the reader is not. Take the whole spectacle of the week. Who is it that cries "Peace" and raises the riot? It is not I, for I speak only of what is happening. Is it not the Catholic clergy that are raising and ripping the Manitoba school question, with Parliament as their parasites looking after votes? Is it not the Protestant clergy raising equally trivial questions and the people following, looking after Heaven? Equally mistaken both of them, for real power is only obtained by Justice and Truth, and the clergy, not their critics, are doing the damage. When you tell a preacher that he can't preach, or a woman that she is silly in trying to sing, both hate you and think, even if they do not say, "You lie." Even if the one cannot preach nor the other sing they will have more "believers" than their critic. Yet he is right, and that is enough for him if he criticizes with good intentions and does not meanly use candor with a desire to wound. Good evening. I am going with the exodus of preachers to the sea-side and will write you something from there—not on Saturday afternoon or Sunday, of course.

Money Matters.

It seems to me that domestic sugar production could be taken up on a large scale in Canada and be made to pay well. This is one of several lines of industry which would develop the country immensely if operated with the success which characterizes it in other countries. Canada annually consumes over 300,000,000 lbs. of sugar. There is no reason why a large proportion of this should not be home-produced beet sugar. The consumption of beet sugar in France, Germany, Great Britain and the United States is large and increasing. In the States beet sugar production is being developed wonderfully, but here in Canada slow progress is being made. We yearly pay out over \$8,000,000 for sugar produced in other countries. What we want is an aggressive sugar policy. Both the Provincial and Dominion Governments are giving aid to the farmers in the development of the dairy industry. Why should they not adopt an educational policy, supplemented with monetary aid to some extent, in the matter of sugar production? Farmers in other countries get from \$45 to \$48 per acre yearly out of growing the sugar beet, while our farmers who stick to wheat get \$15 to \$18 per acre return at the most. Our well known economist, Mr. Robert Lauder, has taken a deep interest in the beet sugar industry. He has pointed out that there is every prospect of the culture of sugar beets being made a thorough success if entered on in Ontario in the proper way. I think it would be money well spent if, to start with, Mr. Lauder were engaged by the Ontario Government to work up an interest in the industry in different parts of the province.

The Merchants' Bank has printed its annual statement. As things go it is a good one. Profits for the year were \$550,000. The balance brought forward from last year was \$6,423. Dividends amounting to \$480,000 were paid out. \$20,000 was added to the contingent fund and \$57,000 was carried forward.

Two weeks ago I noted that Bank of Hamilton and Standard would probably do better. Since then Standard has advanced 2 points and Hamilton 1½ points. They are both relatively low.

Cable stock has advanced five points since I wrote last. It has sold at 165. Concerning this stock I have only to repeat what I have heretofore stated. Ultimately it will go higher than it has ever gone, and by the end of the present year, or perhaps before, it will be good for 175 or more.

I see that the Postal Telegraph Company has been applying to get their stock listed here. In my opinion it would be a mistake to list it here. We all remember the sad havoc played among holders of Cable stock some three years ago. It started on the decline at the beginning of the recent hard times and gathered weight as it declined until it went along like an avalanche, burying speculators right and left. What was the cause of the great decline from 165 to 110? The simple reason of it was that too much of the stock was carried on margin in Canada, and when the banks drew in their call loans it went to pieces. The stock was perfectly good, but there was not the capacity to carry it and the market for it at that time was limited, as it was not particularly well known outside of Canada. Now, if Postal Telegraph is listed here and a large quantity of it is carried on margin, history may repeat itself. Let it be understood by friends of the Company that I am not saying one word against the intrinsic value of the stock. I think it is good and that the Company has good prospects. The above is but a timely word of warning. If purchases are made out and out there will be no danger of a decline from present prices, but if a large quantity of the stock is fed to the speculators there may be a good many sore heads if a sudden change should occur in the monetary situation.

Dominion Bank looks to me like a good investment purchase around 265. A year from now it will probably be at a much higher level.

Social and Personal.

On Friday afternoon of last week the road to Stanley Barracks was passed over by many smart equipages, whose occupants accepted Colonel Turnbull's invitation to witness the closing sports which were given by the Royal Dragoons. The Colonel took advantage of the gathering of smart people at Government House on Wednesday, to personally invite many of his friends to the Friday affair, and the smart set almost to a man (and woman) responded "Charmed." Therefore, Friday being a lovely day, everyone who could take

an hour or two in this packing, house-ordering and flitting season, put on their smartest togs and "rendered themselves," as the French say. There was a trifle too much sun and no shade in the meadow, where the Dragoons rode and took hurdles and slashed through "heads and posts," and hammered one another soundly with basket-hilted sticks, while red and yellow top-knots bit the dust, or rather the tan-bark in the ring. At the west end an orchestra was stationed to play the Keel Row for the musical ride, which the men and horses got through in capital style. One trooper was gently aided to earth when his charger took a fancy to stand very erect on his hind legs, but man and horse quickly sloped away and did not in the least spoil the musical ride. What might have been a serious matter was the fall and roll into the ditch of a horse and rider at the hurdle, but fortunately no harm ensued to either. A semicircle of chairs held many of Toronto's leading people, among whom were: Mrs. Otter, Miss Porter, Mrs. and Miss Buchanan, Captain and Miss Kirkpatrick, Colonel and Mrs. George Denison, Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mrs. and Miss Beatty, Miss Arthurs and Miss Rioridan, Mrs. Alexander Cameron, who chaperoned Miss Cattinach and the Misses Connie and Edith Jarvis, Mrs. Hugh and Miss Bessie Macdonald, Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, Miss Kate Merritt, Mr. G. H. Aylmer Brooke, Mrs. Cartwright and her sister, Miss Davy, Mrs. Seymour and the Misses Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh John Macdonald, Miss Small, Miss Bunting, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Miss James, Mrs. Heinemann, Colonel and Mrs. Gravelly, Mr. and Mrs. Magann, Mrs. Irving Cameron, Mrs. Covert Moffatt, Mr. and Mrs. Miles, Capt. and Mrs. R. Miles, Mrs. Arkell, the Misses Yarker, the Misses Boulton, Mrs. Scarth, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Miss Gowzaki, the Misses Dawson, Mrs. John Cawthra, Miss Beardmore, the Misses Gooderham of Maplecroft, Miss Gussie and Mr. Percy Hodgins, Mrs. Bickford, Mrs. Forester, Mr. George Denison, Miss Mair, Miss Franks of Boston, who is visiting Miss Merritt, Captain Booker of London, Mr. McLean of Pennyross, who has returned from his course at Kingston, having done very well in the exams, and all the officers of Stanley Barracks, who had a busy time of it making, as they always do, perfect hosts.

At Mrs. Cameron's last Monday, Mr. and Mrs. Coultee, the bride and groom from Galt, were among the callers. The *petite* bride, *nee* Pringle, looked very sweet and happy, and the handsome groom was, as a matter of course, very well pleased with the world in general.

Mr. and Mrs. Scarth and family are to summer in Goderich, I hear.

At every function one notices an increasing number of badly tanned men and maids who jubilantly inform you that they have "moved to the Island."

A quiet but pretty wedding took place at St. John's Episcopal church, Brooklyn, N. Y., on June 1, when Miss Charlotte M. Rogers, formerly of this city, and fourth daughter of the late Mr. C. K. Rogers, was united to Mario de Mendonca, secretary of the Brazilian Legation and only son of San Salvador de Mendonca, Brazilian Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington. Mr. and Mrs. de Mendonca left for Newport to spend a few weeks, after which they join their yacht for a two weeks' cruise to seaport resorts, leaving it at Albany to spend the summer in the Adirondacks, where the groom owns a pretty summer villa.

Invitations have been issued by the Toronto Rowing Club for an At Home at the new club house, Hanlan's Point, on Friday evening, June 28. The committee of arrangements are devoting every effort to making the affair attractive. The splendid new quarters of the Club just completed will certainly enable the committee to entertain their friends in regal style. Invitations may be secured through the committee.

Miss Gowdy of Guelph spent Wednesday and Thursday of this week with Miss Smallpiece of Avenue road.

Mr. John E. Bongard has returned from his stay in San Antonio, Texas, much improved in health.

Mrs. Dr. McLaughlin of Prince Edward Island, a former Toronto lady, with her two charming little daughters, Pearl and Ruby, is at present on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Smallpiece of Avenue road.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Fraser (of the *Mail and Empire*) and two children leave on Monday, June 24, for a tour in Great Britain. They sail on the Lake Winnipeg. Miss Bessie Fraser of Grange avenue leaves at the same time on a visit to England.

Cards are out for the wedding on June 25 of Mr. H. R. Williams of McCaul street and Miss Clara Hales of Markham street.

Miss Dallas and Miss May Tining of College street left on Thursday last for England and the Continent.

Miss Alice Sweetnam of St. Vincent street sails to-day for England, en route to Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hutchinson of Rose avenue leave shortly for Europe.

The Orangeville Lawn Tennis Club was formally opened for the season on Friday, June 14, by a match with the Guelph club, the latter winning six of the nine events. In the evening a dance was given by the Club in honor of the occasion at the residence of Mr. E. P. Hay, which proved a most successful affair. Besides the local *elite* there were present: Miss Murray of Buffalo, Mrs. Good, Miss Lewis, Miss Warren of Fort Erie, Miss MacFarlane of Peterboro, Miss Bessie Thomson of Toronto, and Messrs. McKinnon, Williams, Coulson, and Scarlett of Guelph.

Mrs. T. Y. Greet of Kingston was in town this week on her way to Montreal, whence she sails by the *Parisian* on June 22 on an extended trip to England.

The season at old Niagara is holding its full sway once more, and this evening the first of the delightful hops which add to the enjoy-

ment of the season will be held at the Queen's Royal. The officers of the brigade camp are giving a dance in the ball-room of the Queen's Royal on Monday evening next, under the patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick and the Deputy Adjutant-General and Mrs. Buchanan. The committee of officers in charge are leaving nothing undone to add to the success of the affair. A large number of our smart people will cross the lake to-day and Monday for the purpose of seeing the camp and of enjoying these summer gaieties. Mr. J. H. Laurie is secretary of the committee, which is composed of Lieutenant-Colonel R. H. Davis, 37th Rifles; Lieutenant-Colonel H. C. Gwyn, 77th Battalion; Lieutenant-Colonel James Wrayling, 12th York Rangers; Lieutenant-Colonel William Buchner, 2nd Dragoons; Major Henry M. Pellatt, Queen's Own Rifles, and Captain V. A. S. Williams, Royal Canadian Dragoons.

The closing exercises of Whitby Ladies' College on Wednesday were rendered unusually interesting by including the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the new wing, the Lillian Massey Hall, which Mr. Hart Massey's gift of ten thousand dollars has rendered *fait accompli*. Miss Lillian Francis Massey, accompanied by the generous donor and Mrs. Massey, was seated under a canopy on the site of the new building, and after sundry speeches gracefully performed her duty and declared the corner stone duly laid. The large crowd of visitors were much interested in the performance, and the Whitby photographer got some good views of the group. The young lady students gave a delightful exhibition of *Delasarte* and fancy marching on the college lawn, whose far-famed turf is brown and dry for want of the long desired rain. The ladies wore Greek gowns of soft white with rolled ropes of narrow light and dark ribbons at neck and waist, *coiffures a la grec* with bands of white ribbon. Miss Fuller of Duluth, a sweetly pretty girl, in pale blue, with a crimson rose in her dark, smooth hair, and our own Miss Trixie Hamilton, played most faithfully during the long *Delasarte* posing and marching. Miss Hamilton received a silver championship medal from the students this year for proficiency on the tennis courts. This clever girl has endeared herself to all her fellow-students, a fact which her Toronto friends can quite understand. Among the guests who went to Whitby by the special on Wednesday were: Chancellor Burwash, Rev. Dr. Potts, Mr. and Mrs. Hart Massey, Miss Massey, Mr. and Mrs. Hill and family, Mr. and Mrs. Gurney, Miss Lina Ruth, Mr. R. E., Mrs. and Miss Hamilton, Mrs. Walter S. and the Misses Lee, Miss Dallas, Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Cox and many others. Tea was served in the college dining-room, after which the commencement concert was held in the gymnasium and diplomas were conferred by Mrs. George A. Cox. The affair, which proved the closing of school life to many a fair girl, was delightfully ended by the singing of Soderman's Wedding March, and everyone present wished to each pretty singer as fine a partner as the world holds for her own wedding march, when that procession takes place. I heard many nice things said about Principal and Mrs. Hare, Miss Lick, the physical culture mistress, and others on the staff.

Mrs. A. Alton-Wright and Miss Birdie Mason of Parkdale intend leaving next Tuesday for Prince Albert, N. W. T., where they will spend the summer months.

Rev. Mr. Moore of St. Alban's church, Prince Albert, is spending two or three weeks in the city.

On Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning, by yacht and train, society sent its quota to the Dynan-Armour wedding in Cobourg. Miss Armour was a charming bride, in a very handsome gown. The maid of honor was the groom's sister, Miss Louise Dynan; the bridesmaids were Miss Lloyd of Louisville, Ky., Miss Bunting of Toronto, Miss Black, Miss Dainty, Miss Edith Dainty, and Miss Dumble of Cobourg. These were becomingly dressed in gowns of white silk, with chiffon bodices and large chiffon picture hats. They carried bouquets of pink carnations and maiden-hair fern. As souvenirs they wore gold heart brooches, the gifts of the groom. The bear man was Mr. Clarence Bogert of Toronto, and the ushers were Mr. George Armour, Dr. Donald Armour, Major McGee, Mr. L. G. McCarthy, Mr. R. O. McCulloch, and Mr. A. P. Burritt, all of Toronto.

The house of Mrs. Somerville, 400 Euclid avenue, was the scene of a very pleasant social and concert on Friday evening of last week. It was numerously attended and all the arrangements were of excellent taste, the utmost good humor prevailing the entire evening. The proceeds of the entertainment were devoted towards the funds of the Elm street church of the New Jerusalem.

Mr. Fred Cresswell, accompanied by his niece Miss Maude, daughter of Mr. R. W. Cresswell, left on Monday on steamer *Passport* for Montreal, whence they sail for England on steamer *Parisian* to-day. Miss Maude goes to complete her studies.

Mrs. Worthington, Mrs. Elwood and daughters leave on Tuesday next for their cottage in Muskoka.

Mrs. A. T. McCord of Jarvis street left last Tuesday for her old home in Ireland, where she will spend two months.

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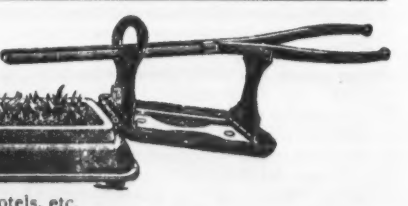
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TORONTO

Social and Personal.

The marriage of Miss Miller of Buffalo, which takes place to-day, has excited a great deal of interest, and as the fair little bride has several times visited Toronto and is well known in the smart set, the interest is not confined to Buffalo. Miss Miller's bridal gown of heavy white satin with bodice veiled in pearl embroidered tulle, is trimmed with orange blossoms. Her veil is of rare lace and will be worn with a wreath of orange blossoms. Eight bridesmaids will attend the bride, one of them being Miss Ada Arthurs of Ravenswood. Their dresses are of pink-shaded lilac mousseline de soie, with chiffon and lace, and yellow velvet collars and belts. The maids are to wear great picture hats with yellow roses. Miss Miller's trousseau is something quite sumptuous, and her wedding gifts are exceedingly rare and beautiful. The Miller homestead is a most artistic and elegant mansion, and on this afternoon will be at its best. The bride and groom, maids and ushers will be seated at *déjeuner* in the dining-room, while the guests will pass through the palm-room to a marquee for refreshments. The chairs of the bride and groom will be wreathed with flowers. By the way, the dining-room chairs of this handsome *menage* are the quaintest and most charming patterned affairs imaginable, with great high-carved backs, such as one sees in Old Country halls. Many kind wishes go from Toronto to one of the last June brides, whose bright face has added grace to many of our smart functions.

Professor and Mrs. Vandersmissen and family will summer in Muskoka in Mr. Mason's house. Mr. Mason has gone to join Mrs. Mason in England, where I hear Miss Amy is to remain for a year.

Mr. and the Misses Mackenzie, with Mr. Mackenzie, Jr., on left Monday for a transatlantic trip.

Mrs. Hetherington of Atherly is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Cockbourne Clemow, this week. On Tuesday evening Mrs. Hetherington gave a pleasant informal dinner for her guest.

On Friday of last week Miss Marion Barker gave a small evening for her young friend, Miss Glass of Chatham, who is on a visit to her at present.

Mrs. Alexander Cameron's drawing-room and picture gallery were filled with friends on Monday afternoon who called on that, her last reception day of the season. A little charming music now and then silenced the low murmur of conversation or gentle ripple of laughter which is the only audible sign of a well bred crowd. The shrieking and noisy gatherings one sometimes comes across are not known in this artistic and lovely home, which everyone grudges to see shut up during several months. Mrs. Cameron is going to spend a month at Narragansett, that delightful watering-place. I believe Miss Connie Jarvis goes with her, and that afterwards Mrs. Cameron will make a visit to her daughter, the Princess de Caramay Chimay, and perhaps go to Egypt, so that in all probability Toronto will not see her for a good while.

Rev. Mr. Heathcote, for so long the expected assistant at St. Simon's, preached there on Sunday last.

The Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick are in Quebec.

Mrs. George Lapham is visiting her parents, Venerable Archdeacon and Mrs. Boddy.

Boating will be the most enticing evening pastime for the July moon, always, of course, excepting the ever increasing craze, bicycling. Mrs. Cecil Lee, whose fine horseback riding should help her on the tiny saddle, is one of the newest enthusiasts.

A quiet but withal a very pretty wedding was solemnized on Friday evening of last week at All Saints' church by Rev. Arthur H. Baldwin, the contracting parties being Mr. Alexander Fraser of the Summit House, Pt. Cockburn, and Miss Evelyn Gray of Toronto. Immediately after the ceremony the happy couple left on a trip to Quebec and the East.

Dr. James Rea of Dundas street, after spending several months in California and Mexico, is returning home by way of British Columbia, and will reach Toronto about June 25.

Miss Jessie Alexander concluded her entertainment season last week and is at present in New York.

Judge and Mrs. Kingsmill and family are at the Queen's, Niagara-on-the-Lake, for the heated season.

The Japanese tea-garden and summer *fete* to be given in Ravenswood, at the back of Ravenswood, Mrs. Arthurs' residence, is going to be something perfectly novel and beautiful. Mrs. Arthurs' brother, Mr. Albert Austin, who has great experience in such matters, has a gang of men this week working hard, building rustic bridges, constructing a miniature Niagara and trimming grass and trees in the picturesque little glen. A tea-garden on the island, a May-pole dance by the little ones of the church which this pretty entertainment is to aid, a bazaar of quaint and beautiful articles, many of which are ordered to adorn well drawing-rooms, a concert in the evening and high tea about six are some of the many attractions which are to make Mrs. Arthurs' open air *fete* a thing to be remembered. The date of the *fete* is June 29, next Saturday, and I fancy the promoters would find it advantageous to give a second day to it on Monday, Dominion Day, when many holiday-makers would take in the entertainment. The decorations and illuminations are to be something gorgeous and Mrs. Arthurs' name is always a guarantee of something artistic and effective.

The Argonauts held their final races on Saturday and gave the usual delightful *At Home* in their peculiarly hospitable fashion at the Club house. What extremely pretty girls attend these affairs, with such wholesome, radiant faces and merry eyes and musical voices. One feels quite refreshed, no matter how *blase* one may have become, when surrounded by such a rosebud garden of girls as always gather in



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honor of the light and dark blue. Even the chaperones are never stiff, but laugh and crane their necks over the balcony rails, or mount the Jacob's ladder to the roof with the agility of their daughters or granddaughters. Some very good races were seen on Saturday. The final four-oar was won by Mr. Small's crew, to the great delight of sundry interested females on the balcony. Dancing never flagged in the Club parlor, where a very good orchestra played lovely dance music. Most of the young people were in tennis and outing costumes and

light crisp muslins, and they did not seem to mind the heat in the least as they floated around the polished floor. In the gymnasium, Webb's men had a busy time at the refreshment tables, for the lake breeze seemed to encourage a great demand for ice-cream and strawberries. The weather was perfect, the bay like a mirror, and the sunset from the roof, where some of us lingered chatting until eight o'clock, was a dream of peaceful beauty. A

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very annoying contretemps occurred in the last race, when one of the four-oars ran foul of a yacht—if that be the proper way of putting it—and the chances of a win were nil for them, of course.

Miss Chandler of St. Thomas has returned home after a short visit with her sister, Mrs. Willis of Jarvis street.

The regular monthly business meeting of the Theatrical Club was held last Monday evening at the residence of the secretary, Mr. E. T. Campbell, 41 Major street. Fourteen new members were elected and the Club is in a prosperous condition, and under the management of Mr. Herbert Fortier will be a source of much interest to the members and their friends. The Club will picnic at Long Branch on Saturday. A midsummer *At Home* in the form of a lawn-party was discussed and will probably be given shortly. The recent inaugural *At Home* given at St. George's Hall was a financial as well as an artistic success, and as soon as the cool weather sets in amateur theatricals will be dealt with considerably.



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CHAPTER XXVII.

His greeting to Wyndham is of the coldest. He does not speak to him, but turns at once to Susan.

"Your aunt wants you," says he severely, and the girl, a little chilled, a little apprehensive, disappears within the rectory gate, carrying Carew, a most unwilling captive, with her. When she is gone the rector faces Wyndham.

"How is this, Wyndham?" asks he quietly, yet with unmistakable indignation.

"How is what?" asks the younger man a little haughtily.

"Was it you who took Susan into that cottage?"

"No. But even if it had been—I see no cause for the tone you have assumed towards me."

"That is what I suppose you call 'carrying it off,'" says the rector, his pale face betraying a fine disgust.

"Mr. Barry!" says Wyndham, as if the other had struck him.

He has flushed a dark red, and now turns as if to walk straight away up the road and out of the rector's ken for ever. But suddenly he halts, and looks back, and Mr. Barry, who has seen many phases of life, and is quick to discern the truth, however deep in the well it lies, beckons to him to return. If this young man cannot clear himself, he may still plead circumstances.

"If you could explain, Wyndham."

"That's what offends me," says Wyndham, with some passion. He has refused to return an inch, so the rector has had to go to him. It wouldn't do to shout his conversation, considering all the young people who live on one side of the road behind the right hand wall, and the one "young person" (the rector has the gravest suspicions) who lives on the other side of it. What if they should all chance to hear! Wyndham is still talking.

"Why should I have to explain? You have known me many years, Mr. Barry. Of what—looking him fair in the face—do you accuse me?"

"That hardly requires an answer," says Mr. Barry calmly. And all at once Wyndham knows that the trouble he had dreamed of is already on him. There is gossip rife in the neighborhood about him and this mysterious tenant of his cottage. People are talking—soon it will come to the old man's ears, and to his aunt's, and to Josephine's. The last idea is the least troublesome. "You must surely have heard some rumors yourself. I am willing—I am most anxious," says the rector, with growing earnestness, "to hear the truth of a story which seems as it now stands to be disastrous to two people. You, Wyndham, are one of them. No, not a word. Hear me first. I want to say just this, that if I was a little harsh to you a moment ago, it was because of Susan. One's daughter has the first claim. And she—that child—to be . . . You tell me you did not take her to see—"

"I told you that," says Wyndham, "and I told you too," very straightly, "that if I had done so I should see no reason why I should be ashamed of it. However, I had nothing to do with your daughter's visit to Miss Moore. It appears Miss Moore asked her to come into my . . . her . . ."

The rector stops him with an impatient gesture.

"Whose is it—yours or hers?" asks he.

"Mine, yet hers in a sense, too," begins and ends the fluent lawyer, whose fluency has now at his need deserted him.

"I do not understand your evasions."

"If you will let me—"

"I want no explanations," says the rector coldly. "I want only one answer to one plain question—who is this Miss Moore?"

He looks straight at Wyndham. The extenuating circumstances he had believed in grow smaller and smaller.

Wyndham hesitates. Who is she, indeed! Who is this tenant of his?

"You hesitate I see," says Mr. Barry. "You have the grace to do even so much. But at all events you cannot deny that you permitted the presence of my young daughter in that place beyond."

"I—"

"A truce to subtleties, sir!" cries the rector. "A plain answer I will and must get. Who is this girl who lives in your house and refuses to see or know anyone in her neighborhood?"

"I don't know," says Wyndham sullenly, angered beyond control.

"I do," says the rector, "and may God forgive you for your sin. She is—"

"Be silent!" cries Wyndham, interrupting him so imperiously that the older man stops short. "She is my tenant. . . . My tenant, I repeat. And, haughtily, 'no more.'"

Silence follows upon this. The rector, lost in thought, stands, with clasped hands behind his back and his eyes upon the ground. His silence incenses Wyndham.

"You can believe me or not, as you like," says he, turning on his heel.

He moves away.

"Stay—stay!" cries Mr. Barry suddenly. "We must get to the end of this. If I have wronged you, Wyndham, I regret it with all my heart, but there has been some talk here, and Susan—she is very young—a mere child. I could not stand that. You tell me there is nothing to be condemned in all this business; that she, this girl in there, is only your tenant. But landlords do not visit their tenants except on compulsion, so far as I know, and you—what has brought you here to day?"

"Just that," says Wyndham, who is still at summer heat—"compulsion. If you would condescend," angrily, "to listen to my explanation, I might perhaps make you understand."

"I shall be only too glad to listen," says Mr. Barry, with dignity.

"But here—how can I explain here?" says Wyndham, glancing around at the open road and the walls. "Walls have ears."

But Mr. Barry does not budge. And Wynd-

ham gives way to rather sardonic laughter. "I suppose," says he, "you would not let me under your roof until all this is perfectly clear." The rector still remains immovable.

"The roof of heaven is above us always," returns he, whereupon Wyndham, who has sympathy with determination, laughs again, but more naturally this time, and forthwith tells him the whole story of his acquaintance with Ella from that first strange night until to-day.

"Bless me," says the rector, when the recital is at an end. He strokes his clean-shaven chin thoughtfully. "What an extraordinary tale!"

"Not too extraordinary to be believed, I hope," stiffsly.

"No, no. I believe you, Wyndham. I believe you thoroughly," says the rector gently. "I am indeed sorry for my late distrust of you. But you will admit that there was cause. That poor girl! You have utterly failed, then, to discover those people with whom she had been living before that—that dreadful night?"

"So far, yes. But the fact that they once did live there goes far to establish the truth of her—"

He stammers a little, but Mr. Barry takes him up.

"Her story! It entirely in my opinion establishes the truth of her story," Wyndham's stammer has added to the truth of his declaration so far as the rector is concerned.

"You have a more liberal mind than mine," says Wyndham. "I have told you so much that I may as well make you my Father Confessor in toto." The smile that accompanies this is rather strained. "As a fact there was a time when I did not believe in her story myself; and now, when I have to—well, it makes me feel rather poor, you know."

"You have no occasion to feel anything," says the rector, "except that you have been a kind friend to her. Do you think you will be able to trace that fellow Moore?"

"I hope so. I have engaged a detective, one of the smartest fellows in Dublin, and I depend upon him to run down that scoundrel in a month or so."

"In the meantime I shall make it my business to explain to everybody how matters really are," says the rector. "To tell the people we know around here that—"

"I beg you won't," says Wyndham hurriedly. "Have I not told you how she desires privacy above all things; how she dreads her discovery by that man? I know it all sounds mysterious, Mr. Barry, that it is asking a great deal of your credulity, to expect you to believe it all. But I still hope you will believe me, and at all events I know her secret is safe in your hands. I myself have thought of suggesting to her to face matters bravely, and if Moore should prove troublesome, why, to fight it out with him. I cannot believe he has any actual claim on her. But she has such an almost obstinate determination not to risk the chance of meeting him that I fear she will not be moved by what I say. This shutting of herself up in that cottage seems a mania with her; such a mania that I cannot but think her story true, and that she suffered considerably at that fellow's hands."

"It looks like it," says the rector.

"Perhaps you will be able to combat her fears," says Wyndham rather awkwardly.

"Would be very glad if you could; as this mystery surrounding her is—decidedly uncomfortable for me. You have seen that."

"I wonder you ever consented to the arrangement."

"I never meant to; but she seemed so utterly friendless, and she seemed to cling so to this place (a harbor of refuge it was to her evidently) that I found it would be almost brutal to refuse."

"It was a charitable deed," says the rector.

"Not done in a spirit of charity, however. I assure you I regret it more and more every day of my life," says Wyndham with a short laugh.

"However, in for a penny in for a pound, you know, and I had promised the Professor to look after her. I have now engaged a companion for her—I think you may remember Miss Manning? She was a governess of the Blakes some years ago—you used to know them."

"Manning! Oh, of course, of course," says the rector. "A most worthy creature. I never knew what became of her after Mary Blake went to India."

"Got another situation, and a most miserable one. Left it, and was found in direst poverty by the person I got to hunt her up. Her delight at my proposal to her to live with Miss Moore was unbounded. It will at all events be a blessing to get her out of that stuffy room I found her in. She looked so out of place in it, and so well got up always. But yesterday . . . I advanced her a little of her salary at once—to get anything she might want, you know—and I expect that next week she will come to the Cottage."

The rector has heard this rather halting recital straight through without comment. Now he lifts his eyes.

"You are a good fellow, Wyndham," says he slowly.

"For heaven's sake, Mr. Barry—not that," says Wyndham impatiently. "I expect I'm about the most grudging devil on earth. And if you think I enjoy helping this girl, or Miss Manning, or anyone else, you make a mistake. What I really want is to be left alone, to run my life on my own rails without the worry of being crossed or stopped by passengers, or goods or extras."

"Ah! we can none of us hope for that," says the rector. "The most selfish of us have to live, not only for ourselves, but for others. You spoke of yesterday, as having seen Miss Manning. Have you—told the young lady in there of her coming?"

"Not yet. I had no time indeed. When I found your daughter there I felt I ought to take her away as soon as possible, simply because you did not know how matters were, and I had a hint—as to gossip. I must go back now, however, and tell her before my train leaves."

"You have little time," says the rector, glancing at his watch. "Go. Make haste."

"There is one thing more," says Wyndham quickly. "And I think you should hear it. She—I don't know anything for certain—but I feel almost sure that the poor girl is illegitimate. And of course you—"

"I?"

"You would not like an acquaintance between her and your daughter?"

"You mistake me there," said the rector. "A misfortune is not a fault. And the fact that this poor girl has been the victim of others' vices should not be allowed to militate against her."

"Hardly a fact!" says Wyndham quickly. "I speak only from very uncertain data, and yet—"

"I know. It seems unhappily only too likely, however! There, go—you have little time."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Weeping and wailing, care and other sorrow, I have enough on even, and on morrow."

Ella is inside waiting for him when he returns. She had heard his step and had opened the little gate to let him in.

"Oh, you have come! How long you have been. I thought you would never come," cries she in her agitation. Then, frightened at her own impatience, "I—I thought perhaps you had gone away—and forgotten."

"There were certain things that had to be said to Mr. Barry," says Wyndham. He slams the gate carelessly behind him, but Ella passing rapidly by him turns the key in the lock.

"It is very stupid of me, I know," says she, reddening at his glance of surprise. "But the other day I thought—paling—" that I saw him!"

"Moore?"

"Yes."

"Where could you see him as you never leave this?" He is still feeling a little sore about her determination to hold herself aloof from everyone.

"I," reddening, "was up in that tree over there," pointing to the sycamore.

"Up there! What on earth for?"

"I wanted—here poor Ella hangs her head—to see into the rectory garden. They—they were all laughing there, and I could hear them, and—"

She stops short in her somewhat dismal confession.

"I see," says Wyndham, quickly all his coldness suddenly dying away. Poor child! This little picture of her—climbing with difficulty into that great tree to catch even a glimpse of the gaiety of others, goes to his heart. "Was it there that—"

"Yes, it was there I thought I saw him. May, I must," anxiously, "have been mistaken—don't you think I must have been mistaken?—but I did see a man just like him turning up the corner of the road that leads to the village street."

"I am sure you were mistaken," says Wyndham. "As a fact I know he has disappeared altogether. If he wanted to spy upon you here, if he thought you were in the country anywhere, what would be more likely than that he should live in his old house and make expeditions round about Dublin with a view to coming upon you sooner or later! But I have heard from the woman who lived next door to him that—"

"Mrs. Morgan," says Ella eagerly.

"Yes, Mrs. Morgan." He pauses, and is quite conscious of a glow of satisfaction at her words. They are indeed "confirmation strong" of the truth of her story all through. She had known this Mrs. Morgan, and been known by her. "And," cries Ella eagerly, "she said!"

"That he had left his house immediately after your disappearance. That looks as if your going had frightened him—as if he thought he might be made answerable to the law for your safety—as if he feared you had—that is, . . . He stammers here a little."

"I know," says the girl, interrupting him gently. "As if he feared—I had put an end to my life. And—painfully—"as you know—I was willing to risk the chance of losing it, at all events."

"Oh, there was no risk," says Wyndham hastily. "But what I want to say is that I believe Moore fancied himself liable to prosecution if he could not say what had become of you. He had treated you abominably and no doubt the neighbors were talking, and—"

He himself is talking quite at random now. He has not yet got over his late "slip." "Anyway his not being seen since points to the fact



James E. Nicholson.

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that he has gone abroad."

"No, no," says the girl, shaking her head with conviction. She is very pale now. "To me it seems that he has left home to look for me! I know—I know," affrightedly, "that he is looking for me."

"Just because you saw a fancied resemblance to him in a man going down the road?"

"Not that altogether. Though that did give me a shock, and I still fancy—"

"Come, that is being absolutely morbid," says Wyndham, with a touch of impatience. "The man is gone, believe me. And even if not, what claim has he on you?"

"That I don't know, but he said he had a 'hold on me' until I was twenty-one, and I am only eighteen," with a sigh that is evidently full of a desire to wish away three good years of her young life.

"I don't believe a word of it," says Wyndham promptly. "And in the meantime, now that in my opinion he is well out of the way, why don't you try to enjoy your life, to see people, to—"

"I am enjoying life. Oh!" with a sudden, quick, happy smile, "if you only knew how much."

"Yet you confess to loneliness. To a desire to see those around you."

"Yes," she colors and taps her foot on the ground, then laughs. "And now I have seen them," says she, with a swift upward glance at him that lasts only for a moment.

"The Barrys. Yes, but there are others. And now you know the Barrys you can easily know everyone else down here—you can make friends for yourself, and go out, and pay visits, and—"

"Oh, no," cries she quickly, with a sudden terror indeed. "No, no," putting up her hands, "I can't—I won't—I'll never go out! Mr. Wyndham, don't, don't ask me to do that."

It is in Wyndham's mind to say to her that it would be of considerable benefit to his social lookout if she would only consent to know people and make herself known, and break through this deplorable attitude of secrecy that she has taken up, but a glance at her young, frightened face deters him. He shrugs his shoulders over his own ill-luck, and bears it.

"I—you are angry with me again," says Ella nervously. "But I can't go out of this place. I can't indeed—unless you could send me somewhere across the sea where he could never find me—but to leave this." Her lips quiver and she turns aside.

"Nonsense! Who wants you to leave this?" says Wyndham roughly. "But I think you ought to have some common sense about you. You have no one to give you advice of any sort, and you are about the most headstrong girl I ever met."

"I have taken your advice," says she. "Always—always." Her face is still turned away, and her voice sounds stifled.

"Always when it suited you. But not now, when it might be of some use. Of course I can see quite plainly that that old idiot Mrs. Moriarty is backing you up in all your nonsensical fears, but there will soon be an end to that. I have engaged a lady to come and live with you and give you lessons, and knock some sense into your head, I hope."

"A lady to live with me. You have found her then! You meant it?"

"Naturally I meant it. And I only hope she will be able to show you the folly of your ways—a matter in which I most signally have failed."

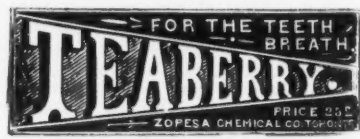
Wyndham has worked himself into quite a

righteous fever of wrath against her. "Good heavens, what a row there is bound to be on shortly with his aunt, about this obstinate recluse. He has gone a little too far. The girl turns upon him, gently indeed, but with a certain dignity in her air."

"As I have told you, I can always leave this," says she. "But it will be to a place where I can live alone, and where I shall never have to leave my home, even though it be a garret. I—I have thought of a convent," her voice faltering. "But I am a Protestant, and—"

she sighs heavily. "Mr. Wyndham," cries she suddenly, "why do you want me to go out, to know people? Why?"

Wyndham, who could have given one very



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excellent reason for his wish, remains determinedly silent.

"You see," cries she triumphantly, "you have no reason at all. And I am ever so much happier by myself. I don't say but that if I were somebody else, I should not like to go into that garden there," pointing towards the rectory. "But as it is, it would frighten me to step outside the gate."

"And how long is this state of things to go on?" asks Wyndham. "Until you are ninety!"

"Ah! he can't live till then," says she. "And besides, long before that I shall be old and ugly, and he won't care. You know," growing crimson, "what I told you!"

"Yes," Wyndham frowns. "You told me enough to know he was a most infernal scoundrel."

"I suppose he is that," says she thoughtfully. "Though I don't think really he would ever murder anybody. You see he didn't even murder me. He only wanted to marry me! That was what made me so angry. If he had made me marry him," turning to Wyndham with a quick, sharp movement. "You think that would mean that I should have to live with him always?"

She pauses as if eager for an answer, and when he does not speak, she says imperatively: "Well?"

Wyndham nods his head.

"It wouldn't, however," says she with angry emphasis. "I'd have run away after I was married, just the same. Only I thought it better to do it before!"

There is so much force, so much girlish venom in her tone, that Wyndham feels inclined to laugh, but the little "air mutin" she has taken, sits so curiously, and with such an unexpected charm upon her, that somehow his laughter dies within him. Something about her now too, as she stands there flushed and defiant, strikes him as familiar. Who is she like?

"For a young lady so very valiant, I wonder you are so afraid to face the world," says he gravely.

"Ah, I am not afraid of the world, but of him!" says she. "And—she draws closer to him, and now all her bravery has died away from her, and she looks as greatly in want of courage as a mouse. "I'm afraid of this new lady too! Is she kind—nice—will she be angry with me sometimes?"

"Very likely," says Wyndham. He softens this disagreeable answer, however, by a smile. "No; you must not be afraid of her. She is an old friend of mine, and very charming. And she is quite prepared to love you."

"Ah! then you have said—"

"The very prettiest things of you, of course,"—sardonically—"so keep up your courage."

"She will come?" nervously.

"On Thursday."

"And you?"

"When you and she have reached the point of open war, I dare say she will drop me a line to come to her rescue."

"It will be to mine," says she, smiling, but very faintly. Tears are in her eyes. "You—you will come with her, won't you? Don't let me have to see her alone at first. You know her and I don't. And you—"

"Very well, I'll bring her," says Wyndham, with an inward groan. What the deuce is going to be the end of it all?

He does not leave by the little green gate this time, but going down at a swinging pace (that has a good deal of temper in it) to the principal entrance, meets there with Mrs. Moriarty, who has been on the lookout for him for the past half-hour.

"An' did ye hear what happened to Denis, yer honor?"

"To Denis?" abstractedly. Then recovering himself, and with a good deal of his late temper still upon him. "Of course, I've been wondering all day where he was. Not a soul to attend to me. He was drunk, as usual, I suppose."

"Eggs, you've guessed it," says Mrs. Moriarty, clapping her hands with unbounded admiration. "Drunk, he was—the old reprobate."

"Well, I hope he'll turn up this evening at all events," says Wyndham. "It is extremely uncomfortable going on like this. If he can't attend to me, I'll have to get another man. I have borne a good deal already, and I hope you will let him fully understand that if he isn't at my rooms at seven, I shall dismiss him."

"An' who'd blame ye," says Mrs. Moriarty. "Faith, I've often thought of dismissing him myself. But," slowly, "he can't be at yer rooms at seven, yer honor."

"And why not?" angrily.

"He's bruk his arm, sir."

"Broke his arm?"

"Just that, sir. Bad scan to him. An' the doctor says he never saw a worse compound fracture in his life. 'Twas all through Timsey Mooney. Timsey and him's at war for a long time, an' yesterday Timsey said he'd break his head, an' with that Denis said he'd have the life of him; and 'twas the devil's own row they had at that; only, with a regretful air, "It was Denis's arm that got bruk, an' not Timsey's head."

"So Denis got his arm broken?"

"Yes, sir. An' that Timsey Mooney as sound as iver. Not a scratch on him. I've always told ye that there's nather luck nor grace wid Denis. But what an I wastin' words on him at all for? 'Tis about the young lady I'm curious. She's to stay, sir?"

"Yee—yes, I told you that before. And I have arranged with a friend of mine, a very accomplished lady, to come down here and live with her as a companion."

"A companion is it?" Mrs. Moriarty strokes her beard. "She's been very contented wid me," says she.

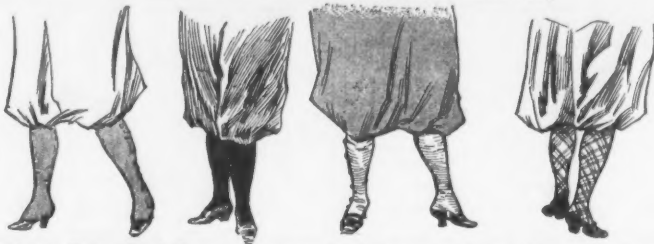
"I daresay. But this lady, Miss Manning, is to be a governess to her, to teach her—to see to her manners, and—"

"To teach her her manners is it? She's got the purtiest manners I ever yet see," says Moriarty, with a smothered indignation. "Tache her, indeed!"

It is plain that Mrs. Moriarty is already consumed with the pangs of jealousy.

"She is coming, at all events," says Wyndham shortly. "And I request you will treat her with every respect, as one of my oldest friends."

It Makes all the Difference; or, the Reason Why



Eliza, Elizabeth, Betsey and Bea, who swear by bloomers and look like this in them, wear the fin-de-siècle style, while



Kate, Kittle, Kit and Katherine, who appear like this in them (in private), cry down the natty, up-to-date habit, and deride the symmetrical wearers as bold, affectatious tom-boys.—Judge.

"She's ould thin," anxiously.

"She is not young."

Mrs. Moriarty shakes her head with the air of one who would say, "We all know what that means."

"Is she kind-hearted, sir? Miss Ella is terrible timid-like."

"Certainly she is kind. But of course she will expect 'Miss Ella,' as you call her, to follow her lead in most ways. I—with meaning—shall take care she is not interfered with in any way. I hope you quite understand all this."

"I understand, yer honor. She's ould an' cross, an' Miss Ella is to follow her about everywhere. But—with a last lingering remnant of hope—"she won't be comin' for a while, sir, will she?"

"She is coming on Thursday."

"Oh, murther!" says Mrs. Moriarty sotto voce, as he shuts the gate behind him.

(To be Continued.)

Books and Authors.

THE author of Miss Dixie, who disguised herself under the pen-name of Stanford Eveleth, turns out to be Mrs. W. J. Dickson of Truro, N.S., and her real name is appended to the second edition which is now being placed upon the market. I found the story of Miss Dixie very pleasing, after the somewhat trivial happenings of the first few chapters had been got through, and spoke well of the book in this column. At least one reader who bought the book on the strength of my recommendation of it, found it disappointing, yet I think others will agree with me that it is an improvement upon the average home-produced story.

The character of Dixie is well drawn and interesting. She is a living creature and not the paper-formed and sugar-coated female so common in fiction. Mrs. Dickson found it necessary before publishing the story to cut it down considerably, which caused several loose threads to appear in the finished work. That the Gurney family is somewhat overlooked in the later chapters of the book, is thus explained. A big Newfoundland dog belonging to Lancy Gurney was also cut out of the plot. Mrs. Dickson says: "A first book is like a first baby—very near the heart of the parent, and it is almost as distressing to have to amputate the one as the other." Mrs. Dickson also found it necessary to finish her story with the marriage of her heroine, "as if marriage were the chief end of woman." She had intended to carry her characters further, and if the book sells as well as it promises to do, she will publish a sequel, tracing out the married life of Dixie, and also of the fiery Hugh McNeil. If, in this sequel, Dixie is not made happy, I shall resent the sequel. Mrs. Dickson proposes spending part of the summer in Prince Edward Island, and she will probably hear from the Jekers, for her description of this religious sect has brought down upon her head the wrath of the congregation.

Like other Germans, Gluck had a weakness for a handle to his name. He always signed himself "Ritter von Gluck," but recent re-

searches have shown that he never had the title of knight bestowed on him by the Government. He called himself "Ritter" because the Pope had bestowed on him the rank of Knight of the Golden Spur, which anyone could buy for 12 scudi. Hereafter he will figure in the lexicons as simply Christoph Willibald Gluck.

The late Gustav Freytag is said to have left the sum of one million marks, besides some landed property, a fortune quite unprecedented for a German author. Several German papers eulogize him highly as an excellent man of business, a talent which will explain his great success with the glorification of the counting-house in his novel Soll und Haben.

The third edition of Mr. J. Castell Hopkins' Life of Sir John Thompson has just been issued. Mr. Hopkins has for some months been engaged upon no less a task than that of writing a Life and Times of Mr. Gladstone, which will probably be issued in October. I am told that Hon. G. W. Ross has consented to write a preface to this work. J. R. WYE.



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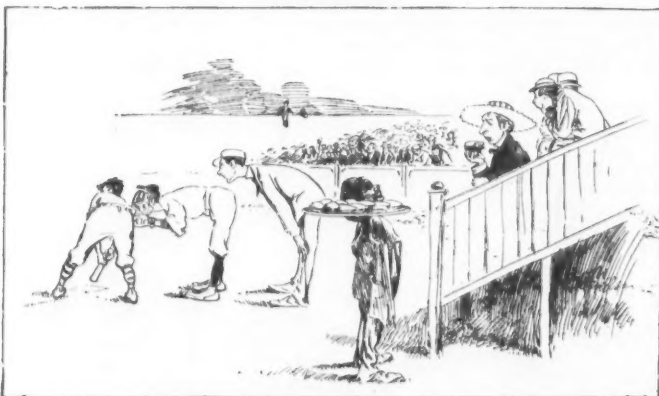
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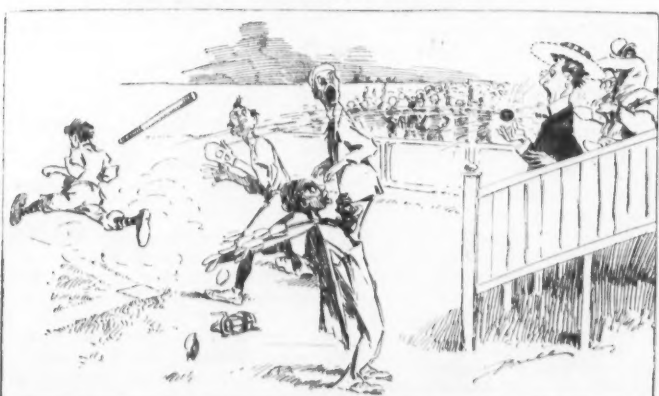
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Umpire (calling loudly)—FOUL!!!

A Grateful Mother.

Relates How Her Daughter's Life Was Saved.

Anæmia and General Debility had Brought Her to the Verge of the Grave—Physicians Held Out No Hope of Recovery—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Again Prove a Life-Saver.

From the Ottawa Free Press.

A personal paragraph in the Free Press some time ago, simply stating that Miss Sophie Belanger, 428 Cooper street, Ottawa, had recovered from a serious illness caused by anæmia and general debility, has apparently awakened more than usual interest and pleasure among her relatives and acquaintances. So much so, indeed, that a reporter of the paper found it extremely interesting to visit the family and enjoy a chat with Mrs. Belanger on the recovery of her daughter after she had for two years been considered irrecoverably a victim of this terribly enervating and dangerous disease. Mrs. Belanger is a very intelligent French-Canadian, wife of Mr. Joseph Belanger, whose wallpaper and paint and glass establishment is at 145 Bank street. Miss Sophie Belanger, the willow invalid, vacillating between death and life, is a promising young lady of seventeen years. She is a student under the nuns in St. Jean Baptiste school on Primrose hill. Over two years ago she fell sick and rapidly wasted away. The nature of her disease appeared to be a profound mystery to the physicians as they were called in one after the other. Despair seized the family as they looked upon the once beautiful, spirited girl, laying day in and day out, weeks and months on her couch, simply slowly vanishing and they powerless even to raise a smile to her wan lips. Each succeeding medical man gravely told the parents to prepare for the worst. However, Mrs. Belanger is not one of those women who give up in despair while there is still hope, as her own words will denote.

"It was a terrible time," she said. "We had been told again and again that nothing could be done to save Sophie, and had almost been forced by appearances to believe it. I have now to say that but for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she would have been in her grave instead of attending school every day the liveliest of the lively. It began like this; the poor girl was coming to me three or four times a day exclaiming, 'Oh, ma, I have such a terrible headache. I cannot stand the pain of it.' This went on for a long time, weeks in fact, until we began to look at it in a very serious light. We had almost every French doctor in the city called in, but with no result. Sophie got worse and worse. Her face was small and yellow while her lips were as white as your collar. She was listless and apathetic and so weak she



She lay on a couch like one dying.

could not raise her hand to her head. A leading doctor forced her to take a certain kind of powders, which seemed to be taking the flesh from her bones. Her skin became hot and parched, her eyes sank into her head and she lay on that couch as one dead, taking no interest whatever in things going on around her. Then it was we became confirmed to the popular belief that she was going to die. It was agonizing to look at her, but we became partially resigned to the fate that appeared to be overtaking us. She was watched day and night, but we could detect no change unless for the worse. All hope had gone. I had read of the cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and about this time I noticed a description published in the Free Press somewhat similar to Sophie's case. Something seemed to urge me to give them a trial, and now I thank God I did. I sent for some and began giving them to her one at a time. Before long we saw an improvement, and gradually increased the dose from one to two and then to three at regular intervals. It was incredible to note the change. Her color came back, a different look in her eyes, her general health and appearance gave us all new interest in her. Before the fourth box was gone Sophie was able to be up and around again, and a further use of them fully restored her health, or rather snatched her from the brink of the grave. To Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is due all the credit, for we had stopped doctor's medicine, and simply gave her these, following the directions around the box. My daughter's life was saved by Pink Pills and no one knows better than her mother. I wish to tell everyone of the cure, as it is almost impossible to believe that the poor thing that lay there, and the happy rosy-cheeked girl who goes regularly to her classes are one and the same person in such a marvellously short space of time, and you may be sure I am advising ailing neighbors to use this wonderful medicine.

Just as the reporter was leaving, Miss Belanger returned from school. She was the picture of grace, health and beauty, her lithe physique denoting health in every movement, while her face showed the warm, ruddy glow of health. She corroborated all her mother had said besides adding some new testimony. Happiness now abideth in that home where misery held sway too long, and Mrs. Belanger rests her faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which will do for other weak and ailing girls what they did for her daughter.

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

DAVIS—This is a discreet, easy-going and not very refined person, cautious and sure to take care of No. 1; affectionate, fond of the opposite sex, helpful, with good sense of the humorous, perseverance, honesty and good temper. If this studies, Little and Davis, are man and wife I am sure they are a happy couple. If not, well, now they know what they have missed.

LOTTIE, Greenwell—I have very little to say of your study. It is firm, self-assured, but lacks snap and energy. I think

you are apt to despond unnecessarily under trial. Honestly and generous impulses are shown, with a rather bright mentality, but a lack of originality in thought. You are of the constant and loyal type of woman, but will never see the world moving faster in your locality.

TOMASO.—This is an enterprising and ambitious person, courageous, humorous, sociable, a bit hasty and impatient of narrowness and minute detail. Good imagination and much cleverness are shown. It is an appreciative, wholesome and decided nature, fond of beauty, alive to the influence of art and probably fond of music and theatrical representations. Good temper, liberality and pleasurable force and energy are shown. Not at all a character to be met with every day.

ISHMAEL.—1. If you have read this column as long as you say, you surely have seen frequent disclaimers of any such absurd prejudice as you mention. I love your city and cannot agree with you in preferring Toronto. 2. Your writing shows a refined, sensitive and very psychic nature, alive to influences which pass unheeded over coarser minds. You love beauty in every form, are sympathetic and tactful, but somewhat reserved and uncommunicative. Perseverance, ambition and light but constant will are shown.

MRS. S. FRANK.—1. I am sorry your letter seems to have been mislaid. 2. Your writing shows great energy, power and grasp of all things. Your will and purpose are firm and even; your nature eminently open and receptive, depending for its higher happiness upon sympathetic surroundings; tenacity and a somewhat high-strung and positive temper, at once amiable and impatient; you can stick to your point, both in work and word, and have all the promise of a fine success. It is an exceedingly good study and full of possibilities.

FRATHECROFT.—1. I have never had time to read Ship That Pave in the Night. I fancy I should have liked it if it had not been so much discussed. That always spoils a book, just as gossip about a beauty makes me cease to admire her. Your study is simply full and just what I wish; a little over long perhaps. 2. Your writing shows self-reliance, sweet temper, a rather undue self-assertion and emphasis, some imagination, a courageous, discreet and upright nature. You are not apt to lightly relinquish an idea. You sometimes depend on social pleasures for distraction when you should take time for deeper things. Self-esteem and a generally liberal tone are shown, and a tendency to carry out the motto, "Live and let live," in a thorough manner.

HUMAN NATURE.—You wrote better than you knew, my dear fellow. The one thing I was wanting was a description of Berlin, and here you come with your utterly original snap shot at our native town. The best sauerkraut and beer in the world? Well, I'll sample them on Dominion Day. Did the parrot who ate sauerkraut speak German? It is provoking of you not to finish the story. I wonder how long it would take me to learn and how much sauerkraut should I have to assimilate. 2. Your writing shows good sequence of ideas, some natural talent, which deserves more intelligent culture than you have given it. You are quite fond of talking, and a thoroughly receptive and amiable nature are yours. You waste enough energy to run two businesses, but you simply cannot learn to conserve and make the most of yourself. You have some sense of beauty, a retentive memory and quite an omnivorous mind. In spite of your alleged resolve, you like the girls. Look out for me with a gun on the 1st of July, please.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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"Saturday Night" Out of Town.

Are you going to the mountains, the seashore or to Muskoka this summer? Wherever you go you can have your favorite paper. SATURDAY NIGHT is mailed to any address in Canada or United States for 20c. a month; to foreign addresses, 25c. a month.

Our Illustrations.

We are able to announce this week that we have completed arrangements with a number of the best artists in New York for a supply of original comic illustrations each week. Several of those used in this issue are original with us, and so long as the work is up to the standard contracted for, we will continue to give the public original comics. This should prove quite a feature in the paper, the drawings being equal in execution and humor to those of Puck and Judge.

In the Open Air.

THE Ontario Cricket Association will send an eleven to Philadelphia in the first week of July to play All-Philadelphia on July 5 and 6, and club matches with Merion, Belmont, Germantown and Philadelphia, during the following week. As I said last week, our crack players are very slow in developing their best form this season. Not one of those who usually represent us in international games is playing up to last year's form. Goldingham comes nearer to being himself than any other, and in reviewing his performance in last issue I omitted to mention a 56 not out which he has made. Against Port Hope School last Saturday he made 49 and bowled with great success. His slow twisters have been effective on several occasions this year. On Monday in the game against Ottawa he was dismissed for one run in a singular manner. Turton sent him a swift full pitch on the leg side and he struck at it. The ball glanced off the end of his bat, across the wicket and into slip's hands. It was an unfortunate accident and put a new face on the game. Cooper followed and also went out in an unusual way. He stepped forward and out to hit one of Bristowe's slow balls and it fell against his pad. Neither bowler nor wicket-keeper appealed, but the man at long slip did, and the Ottawa umpire gave Cooper out, l.b.w. I should like to hear the umpire explain his decision. When Fleury was bowled a moment later by Bristowe and Lying by Turton for a brace of ducks, the prospect of a Toronto victory disappeared. Rykert, who had captained the team in the field with excessive bad judgment, batted well and when joined by Wadsworth, runs came merrily. Wadsworth batted well and made a neat 36 Collins made a spectacular score of 21 and young McMurry, after a nervous five minutes, played well for 32.

In referring to this subject and to this game my purpose is to point out that no Ontario eleven is representative without including some Ottawa men. Ackland should be on, for not only did he make 53 on Monday against the best Toronto bowling, but he habitually scores. Bristowe is a bowler of the first class, and Turton would be a valuable change bowler at Philadelphia. He can also bat a bit. There is not much variety in his bowling, but he is speedy and true with a good length. The Ottawa Club is not in the association and its players are thus debared, but I hope that while they are here this week this matter may be arranged.

A Chicago eleven is down east playing cricket, and defeated Napanee by an innings and 3 runs on Monday. They played Belleville, Kingston, Picton and Deseronto as well, and are winding up with a match against an eleven picked from the above clubs. The Chicago players are: Helliwell (captain), Henderson, Cummings, S. Ballingall, Bolster, Fraser, Phillips, Speer, Stokes, T. Ballingall and Shaw. Many of these names will be readily recognized as those of old Canadian players.

The greatest of interest attaches to the annual match U.C.C. vs. T.C.S. at Upper Canada College to-day. Of late years the U.C.C. cricketers have won right along, but the Port Hope boys have been playing wonderfully this year; Tucker has been batting and bowling well, Francis has bowled with great success and Dumoulin has scored consistently. This team has every prospect of a decisive victory.

The Ottawa umpire at Rosedale on Tuesday (represented by an understudy in Monday's game) also gave Cooper out l.b.w. on a ball that seemed pitched away off the wicket and which struck the batsman on the breast. I have never seen Cooper given out for obstructing the ball before this week; he bowled at him in many games and never yet found grounds for appealing for an l.b.w. decision against him. The Ottawa idea of an l.b.w. differs considerably from the Toronto conception of the rule. Bowbanks is to be congratulated on his excellent 71 not out, and Bristowe on his fine 43.

The Toronto Rowing Club's races at the

Island last Saturday were a great success and drew a large crowd. The four-oared crew race was a spirited affair, and was finally won by Joe Wright's crew in 3.09 1/5. A jolly smoker followed the races. The senior singles were postponed until to-day.

Our lacrosse twelve, although beaten at Cornwall last Saturday, gave a pretty fair account of themselves, and some of the camp followers tell me that they will do better hereafter. The stick work and team play were at times extremely good. The Tecumsehs over at the Island were too much for the Indians, and although they will no doubt be beaten by the Torontos, it should prove a first-rate game.

The true nature of professional baseball is well shown in the present relation held by Toronto to the Eastern League. There is not a Toronto man, or even a Canadian, in the whole dazzling aggregation of game-losers wearing the Toronto colors; the manager of the club is Mr. Chapman of Rochester, and the money that floats the venture is Buffalo money. Even the morals of the management are foreign, for we find these aliens pulling the name of Toronto through a Sunday ball match at Buffalo. In fact, the promise of sport is gone, and in its stead we have these Buffalo people pursuing a speculation here—furnishing an entertainment that is devoid of "local hits." This spirit of cold business will ruin baseball, for after a time we may expect to see a league operated from headquarters, the clubs winning or losing as directed. If the speculators could win a few games in the name of Toronto and pull up towards the front, the receipts here would increase. They know this. Every league manager, director or backer knows this—in a weak moment we may find the money-making tendency overcoming all sporting considerations. I think this condition has almost arrived. Baseball is a great game where strictly amateur teams contend for supremacy. In the small towns it is especially engaging where every man, woman and child is a partisan and roots for the local nine. And in a home game when the home team wins there is a delirium of joy. I was in Guelph one day last year when the Maple Leafs were over playing against Galt. Half of Guelph had gone with the nine, and towards evening the other half of the town was massed in the streets before the telegraph offices cheering as the momentary bulletins told how the Leafs were pulling ahead. They won 16 to 8, and thousands of citizens surged about the depot that night and carried the players aloft through the streets. Young Congalton pitched that day and was the hero of the occasion, and there was Powers, and Daddy Downs (who blushed and tried to escape notice), Bradford and the other giants of legitimate ball. That was a game worth being in, worth seeing. I am not afraid to say, and in saying it believe it to be true, that I could select nine ball players all resident in Toronto who would win three games out of five from Chapman's team of professionals. This seems a large contract, but I would rely upon that cordial team feeling which would exist in my nine, but not among these Philistines. Crane was rescued from the vasty deep by Manager Maddock as he was sinking for the last time, and he has done more with his recovered breath to disorganize the team, to defeat Maddock, to harass Sippl, than all other causes combined. That team can expect small favors at Toronto's hands because of its play in the past, and Chapman can expect little since his first act was to release every Canadian in his employ without looking at them, and his second act to play the Torontos in a Sunday match in defiance of public sentiment here.

The first Roof Garden in Canada is nearing completion at Hanlan's Point, and everything will be in readiness for those who love a perfect entertainment, a cool seat, at the nominal admission of ten cents. The opening night is Monday, June 24, and the performers now upon the bill are a sufficient guarantee of the success of the Roof Garden. The object of the managers of this novel place of amusement will be to give refined, humorous vaudeville twice each evening, from 8 to 9 and from 9.15 to 10.15.

To our numerous readers who are lovers of the wheel, this item will be read with interest. Much uneasiness is caused to wheelmen when obliged to leave their wheels in buildings where loss may occur by fire through neglect or carelessness. The Agricultural Insurance Co. of Watertown, N. Y., 59 Victoria street, have adopted a new insurance scheme by which all wheelmen may be benefited. They are now prepared to issue a bicycle policy against loss by fire, for a very moderate charge, to cover bicycles in whatever building they may happen to be.



Chicago Post.

"I see he th' pa-pers," said Mr. Dooley, "that Cleveland have sint out a tip to th' Cuban revolutioners, that if they keep on revolutionin' on th' premises he'll have them all arrested an' sint to th' bridewell fr disorderly conduct. There's an ordinance again revolution in this country, though nawthin' has been said about it before. 'Tis like midnight cloisin'. Wan administration laves us keep open till we get tired, an' another makes us shut up tight an' on'y let in thim polismen we know well. So be Cleveland an' th' Cuban revolutioners."

"D'y'e know, Jawn, 'twas this same Cleveland that defendid th' Fenians whin they was took up fr invadin' Canada. 'Twas so. He was not much in thim days—a kid iv a lawyer, like Doheny's youngest, with a lot iv hair an' a long coat an' a hungry look. Whin th' Fenians came back fr'm Canada in a boat and landed in th' City iv Buffalo, New York, they was all

run in, an' sare a lawyer cud they get to defend thim till this here Cleveland come up, an' says he: 'I'll take th' job,' he says. 'I'll go in an' do th' bist I can fr ye.' Me uncle Mike was along with thim, an' he looked Cleveland over, an' says he: 'Ye'll do th' bist ye can fr us,' he says, 'will ye?' he says. 'Well,' he says, 'I'll take no chances,' he says. 'Sind fr th' disk sergeant,' he says. 'I'm goin' to plead guilty an' turn informer,' he says. 'Tis lucky fr Cleveland me uncle Mike died before he r-run fr Prisdint. He'd 've had wan vote less."

"I'll never forget th' night me uncle Mike come back fr'm Canada. Ye know he was wan iv th' mos' dis'prate Fenians that ivor lived, an' whin th' movement begun he had to thread on no wan's shadow before he was off fr th' battle. Ivry wan in town knew he was goin', an' he wint away with a thrunk full iv bottles an' all th' good wishes iv th' neighborhood, more be reason iv th' fact that he was a boltherous man whin he was th' worse fr wear, with a bad habit iv throwin' bricks through his neighbor's windows. We cud see him as th' thrain moved out, walkin' up an' down th' aisle askin' if there was anny Englishmin in th' ca-ar that'd like to go out on th' platform an' rowl off with him."

"Well, he got up into New York somewhere an' met a lot iv other dis'prate min like himself an' they wint across th' border singin' songs an' carryin' on, an' all th' militia iv New York was under arms, fr it'd been just like thim to turn round an' do their fightin' in New York. 'Twas dam little me uncle Mike cared who he fought."

"But, be hook or be crook, they got to where th' other Fenians was an' jined in th' army. They'd come fr'm far an' near, an' they were young an' old, poor lads, some iv thim bint on strikin' th' blow that'd break th' back iv British tyr-anny an' some iv thim crazed fr fightin'. They had big guns an' little guns an' sword canes an' pitchforks an' scythes an' wan or two min had come over armed with baseball bats. They had more gin'rals than ye cud find in a ray-publi-can Wist-Town convintion an' ivry private was at laste a colonel. They made me uncle Mike a brigadier gin'ral. 'That'll do fr a time,' says he: 'but whin th' fun begins I'll pull Dorney off his horse an' be a major gin'ral,' he says. An' he'd 've done it, too, on'y they was no fightin'. They marched on an' the British run away fr'm thim, and he hivins me uncle Mike cud never get a shot at a ridoat, though he searched high an' low fr wan. Thim a big rainstorm come an' they was no tints to protiet thim, an' they set around shivrin' and swearin'. Me uncle Mike was a bit iv a politician an' he organized a meetin' iv th' la-ads that had come over with him an' sint a comity to wait on th' major gin'ral. 'Dorney,' says me uncle Mike, fr he was chairman iv th' comity. 'Dorney,' he says, 'me an' me associated warriors wants to know what th' 'ell,' he says. 'What d'y'e mane?' says Dorney. 'Ye brought us up here,' says me uncle Mike, 'to fight th' British,' he says. 'If ye think,' he says, 'that we come over,' he says, 'to engage in a six days' go-as-you-please walkin' match,' he says, 'ye'd better go an' have ye'er head looked into be a vethinary surgeon,' he says. 'Have ye anny British around here? Have ye'er a Sassenach concealed about ye'er clothes?' he says. 'We can't do annything if they won't stand fr us,' says Dorney. 'Thim,' says me uncle Mike, 'I wash me hands iv th' whole invasion,' he says. 'I'll thrubble ye fr me voucher,' he says. 'I'm goin' back to a country where they grow min that'll stand up an' fight back,' he says, an' he and his lads wint over to Buffalo an' was locked up fr revolution. "Me uncle Mike come home on th' bumpers iv a freight car, which is th' way most revolutioners come home ixcept thim that comes home in th' baggage car—in crates. 'Uncle Mike,' says I to him, 'what's war like, annyhow?' 'Well,' says he, 'in some respic'ts 'tis like missin' th' las' ca-ar,' he says, 'an' in other respic'ts 'tis like gettin' gay in front iv a polis station,' he says. An, by dad, whin I come to think iv what they call wars nowadays, I believe me uncle Mike was right. 'Twas diff'rent whin I was a la-ad. They had wars in thim days that was wars."

The "Gent" from Chicago.

New York Sun.

His satanic majesty sat upon his brimstone throne fanning the muggy air with his flamboyant tail.

Presently a new arrival in those parts was announced, and he was forthwith ushered into the devilish domains.

He sniffed the heavy air as if it were a familiar dose to him, and, bowing to his majesty, he observed the peculiar motions of his tail.

"Three strikes and out," he said after contemplating them for about a minute.

"What's that?" enquired Satan, resting his caudal appendage across his leg.

"Ah, there, Sate, old boy," greeted the visitor. "I was so attracted by the way you handled yourself ever the home plate that I didn't see you. How do you do?"

"Who are you?" thundered his majesty.

"Me?" asked the visitor with guileless grace.

"Yes, slave."

"Come off, I'm no slave. I'm an American citizen."

"In these domains, sirrah, you are my slave."

"Yes, I am, I don't think," and the visitor struck his thumbs in his vest armholes and statted up and down before the throne.

"We shall see," said his majesty with an ominous shake of his locks, and beckoned to a host of imps.

The next minute the American citizen was wondering what had become of the Monroe doctrine, and he threw up his hands.

"Give a man a chance, won't you?" he said hotly.

"Answer me," thundered his majesty.

"Where are you from?"

"Chicago, of course," responded the visitor. His majesty rose to his cloven feet and bowed.

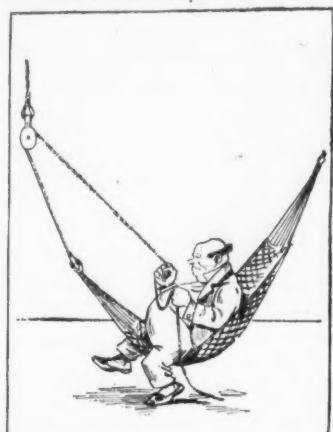
"I beg your pardon," he said hastily. "Come and take a seat by me. I'm afraid you will find it tame here after what you have been used to, my dear fellow, but don't be too hard on us and we'll try to make you feel as much at home as our facilities will permit."

Seating himself beside his majesty, the gent from Chicago kindled a cigarette and waved his hand for the performance to begin.

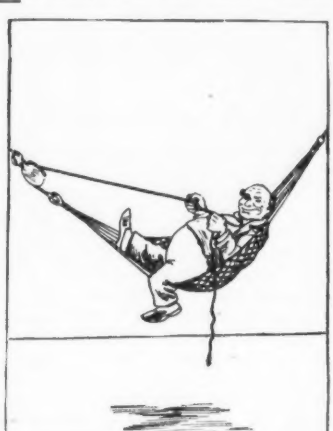
Ups and Downs.



"I can't climb up in a hammock, but I have a little scheme that will work."



"That little block and tackle enables me to"



pull myself as high as I please."



But alas! he—



fell asleep.

Very Sad.

Youth's Companion.

Mr. Joseph Willard, for a long time clerk of the Superior Court of Massachusetts, in Boston, relates in his Half a Century with Judges and Lawyers many good anecdotes.

Colonel Edward G. Parker, who was rather pedantic, wrote a life of Mr. Choate. He was relating an incident which happened in the third century before Christ, about the time of the death of Ptolemy III., and he appealed to John S. Holmes, who stood by.

"Didn't he die about that time, John?"

"Who's that that's dead?" asked Holmes.

"Ptolemy III.," said Parker.

"What! What!" said Holmes, stretching out his hands. "You don't say he's dead!"

Getting Too Rough.

New York World.

First Pugilist—I'm goin' to quit this biz!

Second Pugilist—Why so? You've made big money.

First Pugilist—Yes; but there's a lot of toughs gettin' in their perfection. Why, last night one of 'em I was sparring with made a brutal attack on me and made my nose bleed. That's twice, and I'm goin' to quit.

Little Ned.

A RECIATION.

For Saturday Night.

We were playing the Eastern circuit, were Ned and Bill and I.

Bill was an old schoolmate of mine, and Ned his only boy, a pretty kid with flaxen curls and eyes of azure blue, and a face like that of an angel, it was so good and true.

The flying trapeze was our business, and Ned, only ten years old, would look like a very seraph with his waving curls of gold, as flying thro' the air he'd come like a shot from a nine-pound gun.

And he'd laugh aloud as his hands clasped mine, as tho' 'twere the best of fun.

We were playing dates that summer and one luckless day struck Troy.

A two weeks' stand it was to be, and 'twas there we lost our boy.

A brand-new act was practiced hard, but always with the net.

And up to date had never missed, and you'd be safe to bet we could have done it a thousand times with never a mishap.

But little Ned didn't want the net, and the plucky little chap

Said as how "any kid could do it that way and he wanted to make his mark;"

And vowed to Bill and I "that he could do it in the dark." So we let the boy have his way, and the opening night had come;

The opera house was crowded, from pit right up to dome. Our turn was last on the programme, and as we climbed into the air,

The shouts and cheers were deafening, for we were favorites there.

Three times had Bill let go of Ned and his tiny hands clasped mine,

And as I swung him back the third his father to rejoin, I whispered, "Courage, little Ned," for the fourth was to be our last;

And I felt his small form tremble as I held him in my grasp.

And now he's swinging once again and he gaily shouts, "Let go!"

And then, God help him, he fell, too short, and the next thing that I know

We were standing around him on the stage and Bill was well nigh mad;

And I sobbed and cried like an infant, for I loved the little lad;

And when the doctor told us his efforts were all in vain, I got right down on my knees, boys, and prayed God to spare him pale.

At last, tho' it seemed like ages, he opened his pretty eyes And said in a voice all choked with tears, as he gazed up into the flies:

"Don't weep for me, Jack, for I'm all right. Please comfort dear old dad."

It was all my fault. You weren't to blame, altho' it seems too bad;

To have ended up the act that way, and a wan smile wreathed his face.

And as he whispered, "Kiss me, dad," he went to that better place,

Where I'm sure the angels welcomed him with all their arms outspread;

And that's the story of Bill and me and our mate, poor little Ned.

J. T. EDWARDS

A Victim of the Sea.

For Saturday Night.

Lifeless and cold,

Lies he here;

Cast by the waves on this desolate isle,

Till weeds and mold,

These are his bed,

Yet, on his lips is a radiant smile.

Dark hazel eyes,

Shadowed and dim,

Rest on a world full of sunshine and light

No more "good-byes,"

Weep not for him,

Lying alone in the silence of night.

Loud laugh the waves,

Fiercely and wild,

Speeding along on their mad heedless way.

Dark gloomy caves

Bob, like a child,

As the sea dashes against them in play.

Stars glimmer down

Through the dark cloud;

Beam on a face as still, and so white,

Heaven his crown.

Moonbeams his shroud,

Watch him! Oh guard him! ye Angels of night.

L. E. D.

Gone! Gone!

For Saturday Night.

She has gone! gone!

Gone where alas! She cannot be found.

They have sought her long with horse and with hound,

Ever hurrying on.

They have dragged the stream

Where the sluggish waters swifter creep,

For fear she had laid her down and slept

In a lasting dream.

They have sought far,

They have hunted left and hunted right,

They have scoured the country day and night,

By sun and star.

She is gone! gone!

Tho' they search forever they ne'er will find

Her form which wanders before the wind

Ever hurrying on.

Toronto, June 5.

INFELIX.

Ballade of Forgotten Loves.

Some poets sing of sweethearts dead,

Some sing of true loves far away,

Some sing of those that others wed,

And some of idols turned to clay;

I sing a pensive roundelay

To sweethearts of a doubtful lot,

The passions vanished in a day—

The little loves that I've forgot.

For, as the happy years have sped,

And golden dreams have changed to gray,

How oft the flame of love was fed

By glance, or smile, from Maud or May.

When wayward Cupid was at play;

Mere fancies formed of who knows what?

But still my debt I ne'er can pay—

The little loves that I've forgot.

O joyous hours forever fled!

O sudden hopes that would not stay!

Held only by the slender thread

Of memory that's all astray.

Their very names I cannot say,

Time's will is done; I know them not;

But blessings on them all, I pray—

The little loves that I've forgot.

REVOLT.

Sweetheart, why foolish fears betray?

Ours is the one true love's knot;

Note well the burden of my lay—

The little loves that I've forgot.

Arthur Groom in Life.

Guest—I would like a nice round steak, rare done, and some fresh fried potatoes. Waiter (in stentorian voice)—Carnage in the skillet! Fried Pigreese on the side!

SOME COLLEGE SKETCHES

By ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

III.—THE SAVING OF JOHNSON.

IT may be you are a 'Varsity man and never knew it, but in the unregenerate days we had ample cause to know that down beneath the big sleepy lecture rooms where we used to slumber through discourses on Plato's Republic, or carve our initials with artistic flourishes on the benches for future generations of timid freshmen to marvel at, away down in what seemed veritably to be the bowels of the earth, are gloomy dungeons and stifling cells where the darkness is something more than Cimmerian, where the unfortunate who was led thither to encounter the wrath of the Mufli might scream till his throat was worn away, and yet never a sound would pierce those great stone walls, the thickness of four men shoulder to shoulder. Doubtless the existence of these little underground cells was more from an architectural cause than for a criminal purpose, because it must be remembered University College is a heavy pile of stone, and would never be standing to-day, the finest mass of Norman architecture in America, without these subterranean walls to hold it up. But even in the old days it was known only to the initiated; and I believe that I could to-day introduce the President to a portion of his university with which he has never had the pleasure of previous acquaintance. To-day, I doubt not, it is only an occasional plumber or the portly engineer from the power-house who ever ventures into those unknown depths, where once upon a time there used to take place—but that would be telling secrets.

If you are anxious to see this place I am telling you about, you must arm yourself with a wax candle and matches, and if the Dean, in contradiction to his traditional geniality, refuses to accompany you, it would be wise and safe to get a good alert chimney-sweep who is used to such places. And it would be well to have an old suit of clothes on, for you must crawl on hands and knees for one-sixteenth of a mile, to say nothing of twining in and out between water-pipes, gas-pipes and electric wires. Do not fool with the wires. I knew a sophomore we called the Pelican, of a gravelly jocund nature, who thought when down there once that it would be a fine joke to interweave a few of the electric light wires and upset the lighting system of the University—but that is another story.

But as I was saying, you arm yourself with a candle (and also matches, for I spent nine hours there once just because I neglected this little precaution) and go down through the doorway of No. 2 House, in the old Residence Building, then down a dark flight of steps, past the baths where the football men get rid of pieces of 'Varsity Campus after a game, then turn to your right and go down another flight of steps. That leads you to what is called the Coal Hole, a place visited in mid-winter after dark by impecunious Residence men. If you light your candle you will see in the south-east corner of the Coal Hole, under the stairs, a modest little door covered with sheet iron. When once through that door you are in the depths, and after that you must crawl beneath several huge pipes along a small tunnel. Hold your candle well in front of you, or you will butt your head against occasional iron pipes crossing the tunnel. Some of these are steam pipes, and very hot, as you will find. Do not sidetrack into any of the lateral tunnels until you come to one particularly large, where a man can almost stand straight. Then turn to your left and continue straight ahead until a door covered with sheet-iron bars your way. There used to be a padlock on this door, but it was not a very complicated one, and there was always a bent nail on a certain ledge of stone for the initiated to use. Once through this door you are in the cells. Then you can unfold your back and breathe deep and stretch your arms, and get the dust and cobwebs out of your eyes and dream of the days of the Inquisition. Now if you are of an inquisitive turn of mind I might tell you that if you dug in the right place near a certain wall you might find two Queen's Own steel bayonets, twenty-three volumes of Bradley-Arnold's Latin Prose, twenty-three volumes of Aristotle's Nicomachean Ethics and twenty-three copper coins with the face of Her Majesty the Queen on one side. How these got there it would be unwise, to say the least, for me to state.

It was in the cell that is directly beneath the Tower, if I remember correctly, that a part of the tragedy I am going to tell took place. It all happened for the sake of the reformation of a certain man named Johnson, whose father had a seat in the House of Parliament of the Dominion of Canada. Johnson told us this when he first came in Residence.

Now, when Johnson came to 'Varsity he came unimpressed with a respect for the traditional. He came direct from the arms of a fond mamma and a tutor at forty dollars a month, most excellent surroundings to come from, withal, but prone to affect one's eye for perspective. The young man is apt to be like a blood clot first turned out to grass and before he learns the eternal fitness of things he is going to cut himself a little on unlooked for barb-wire fences. Now, Johnson was a clever fellow, but he took things altogether too seriously. In fact, if my memory fails me not, the very first Sunday morning Johnson was in Residence he was polishing a pair of shoes very quietly and industriously, for he was only a freshman and he had promised his mamma to go to church. He had just put the finishing touches on when a senior, known as The Kid, because of his diminutive stature, sauntered

into Johnson's room with a pipe in his mouth, and asked in a social manner what Johnson was doing.

"I'm doing two things," said Johnson dryly. "I'm shining my shoes, in the first place; in the second, I'm minding my own business. Now, what are you doing?"

Now The Kid had a keen sense of humor and he admired Johnson for that remark, but he also religiously believed in a conscientious regard for the traditional. And it took the moral suasion of twelve seniors for thirty minutes, to persuade Johnson to remove his shoes, then his socks, and apply a shining coat of T. M. shoe-black to his bare feet. Then he was persuaded to finish dressing, to take his hat and gloves, and, shadowed by two seniors whose names have figured in many a football match, wend his way to church, where several people were surprised and startled to see a tall young man, with a pair of scrupulously polished feet, blushing sneak into a back seat. Johnson was young and in the pride of his youth, and he did not take this quietly. He met The Kid on Monday morning in the quad, and The Kid came out of the encounter with a very black eye. But The Kid liked Johnson and he took it without a word, ignoring for once the traditional.

From this little incident Johnson learned more than ten professors could teach him. I am one of those who believe that the Mufli is worth a dozen cap-and-gown dons in the formation of character. The voice of the Mufli is an ethical one; it proclaims the apotheosis of Nemesis. The reformation of Johnson was a proof of this. When he sallied forth from his little home circle he had an innate idea that the existence of the universe was strangely dependent on his own. But the Mufli soon cured him of that; and it was wonderful what two days selling newspapers did for Johnson. It made him a new man. It taught him the eternal fitness of things.

But the particular tide in the affairs of Johnson which was taken at the flood by the court of the Mufli, was a thing of a very delicate nature, because it was an affair of the heart.

The college year was drawing pretty well towards a close and we knew Johnson had done very little work for his examinations. He had been having a rather wild fling, like most men to whom freedom is new. We had watched him smilingly and closely, for we all liked him as much as it was possible to like a man who was still a freshman. So we all began to feel more or less uneasy about him. We had decided to give him what is known in the vernacular as a "scare," when we found to our horror and disgust that the worst had happened. Johnson had fallen in love. It was with a violet-eyed, soft-voiced girl he had met at the Osgoode Hall dance. Here she had first smiled on him, and Johnson, who was after all a very soft-hearted, human creature, had lost his heart as only a freshman can. We soon saw that there were too many pink notes coming from the girl in the east end to permit of Johnson's keeping down his algebraic permutations and Cicero's Pro Lege Manilia. So one night when we knew he was basking in the divine presence, instead of sitting alone at work in his room with his head enlarded with a wet towel, we held a most serious and business-like meeting, to discuss how we might save him. We all felt sorry for him, for perhaps some of us had been in cases not greatly different from his. The court of the Mufli felt that it was their duty not to desert him in his extremity.

What disgusted us was that the girl was a charmingly sweet little body, and, moreover, that she was as serious as life with Johnson. But no matter how much Johnson thought of the girl, unless there came a change he was going to be a plucked freshman, and we knew the girl would think less of him as such than as a successful sophomore.

So we concluded among ourselves, with irreproachable logic, that if it was justifiable to take a gun away from a man who was going to shoot his own brains out, it was equally justifiable to preserve Johnson from the wiles of the little girl who is usually painted as being blind. . . . We knew it was useless to talk with Johnson; that had been tried, and he had declined to enter in the conversation. I knew it was also useless to attempt to make the girl see things from our standpoint.

But we laid a most deep and a most profound plot, and it worked.

That was Wednesday night. We knew by observation and calculation that Johnson would most certainly go to see the girl on Friday night, so we planned accordingly. We knew that a certain Italian prima donna, whose name I need not mention, was to sing that night in her thirteenth farewell in America. Early in the morning I was despatched down town to procure five orchestra chairs for Friday night. On Thursday night Johnson was summoned to attend the court of the Mufli. It was a midnight call, but he was allowed to dress himself. When the cloth which blindfolded his eyes was removed, and the gag taken from his mouth, he found himself in one of the silent, damp-smelling cells that I have before spoken of. Through a piece of tin with a skull and cross-bones cut out, shone a dim, ghostly sort of light, from a head light that had been appropriated from a street car on a memorable Hallow e'en. When the necessary rituals, of which history is never allowed to speak, had been performed in the presence of the Mufli, the prisoner was at once informed in a very poor sort of half-hog, half-Cæsarean Latin, that it was demanded by the

mystic court of the Mufli that he on Friday evening accompany the young lady whom it had pleased the court of the Mufli to decide upon, to the Grand Opera House to hear Adelina Patti; that the court of the Mufli had not only secured the lady, but also the tickets and the carriage. But I need not go into detail. Johnson, in flagrant opposition to the traditional, told the Mufli he would do no such thing, that he would choose his own company when he wished to hear Adelina Patti, and that he would shoot any hound who tried to make him act otherwise.

Then, strange to say, the court of the Mufli did not resort to the usual measures, but, figuratively speaking, sat down and reasoned it out with him. And as I said before, Johnson was no fool. He had his ambitions, and he knew how lonely an ostracized man feels. He submitted to the inevitable and took the oaths of the Mufli, which are the solemnest, the most blood-curdling, the most binding oaths ever created by the art of man, to go with any young or old lady whatever to hear Patti, and to keep in Residence bounds for one day. . . . That was the last time Johnson ever appeared before the Mufli.

Somewhat against my will, but by the stern order of the court of the Mufli, I had been over to see the girl and had told her I had seats for Patti, and would like her to come with me. She could not, she said; in fact, she told me Johnson was coming over to see her. I had met the girl years before.

"That is strange," I said meditatively, "for I reserved seats for Johnson and a particular friend of his, whom I know he is going to take. There must be some mistake."

The girl bit her lip and looked disconsolately out of the window.

"Yes, there must be a mistake!" Then after a pause. "But, after all, Maude and I will go with you."

And I went away satisfied, but by no means complimented by her acceptance of my invitation.

Now I presume there is connected more or less intimately with every university a lady much like the Annodomni Venus. She is usually a very dashing lady, about whose age it would be indelicate to enquire; who is able to repair the ravages of time with such dainty little feminine artifices that freshmen year after year for ten years will fall and worship at her shrine. She is fond of football matches, and theaters, and luncheons, and driving, and many other things; so who could blame her for allowing these men to kneel before her, although the more decorous of the sex feminine called her "nasty," and most of the college men spoke of her as "Kate!" She may talk a little boisterously and laugh too loud, and they might not wish their sisters or their mammas to know they went with her, but they always had a good time, so what difference could it make?

So when Johnson found himself on the way to the concert with Kate Harley, he was human enough to forget all his wrongs, and inhuman enough to forget he should have been with the girl that night. It is true Kate had been a little deceived concerning the exact reason why Johnson was so anxious to take her to hear Patti, but we knew Kate would never care when she found out, and that was only one of the lesser evils—for was there not a statute in the University Calendar which said: "All interference with the personal liberty of any student, by arresting him, or summoning him to appear before any tribunal of students, or otherwise subjecting him to any indignity or personal violence, is forbidden



Well—Don't you think Miss Redbud has a face of rare beauty? Bell—I think it is rather well done myself.

by the council, and any student connected, etc., etc. . . . will render himself liable to expulsion from the University." You will find it in Article 4, Section II., on page eighty of the Calendar, where it was put to console nervous graduates and parents whose sons were being pulled out of bed once a week at two o'clock a.m.

So when Kate Harley and Johnson walked down the aisle of the Opera House they were talking and laughing in a very light-hearted manner. I was there particularly early with the girl and the girl's sister, and I saw her half turn when she heard their voices, blush very red, and then grow pale and look straight ahead at the ugly Italian landscape painting on the stage curtain. Johnson did not see the girl until he was almost in his seat. He had just said something to Kate Harley that made them both laugh, but I heard Johnson's laugh suddenly die down, and he stood there like a fool, with his mouth open, looking at the girl, who sat looking very much like marble, with her violet eyes studying a stretch of very blue Mediterranean sea. What thoughts were in Johnson's mind as he sat down beside Kate Harley I cannot tell, because I was very busy talking to the girl's sister. But I noticed he was very quiet and that Kate was most satisfactorily noisy.

The girl did not say a word until the end of the second scene from Martha, when she said she did not feel well and wanted to go home. And we went.

Driving home I began to think that it was a dangerous thing to play with souls, after all, for the girl had given one or two quiet little sobs in the dark carriage; but then it was to

save Johnson, and it was the order of the court of the Mufli!

And who in the unregenerate days dare disobey that order?

The next morning I went down to Johnson's room and found him sitting in a chair holding a pink note in his hand and looking very miserable.

"Read that," he said as he flung it towards me, with a scathing look, "and tell me what you have to say for yourself." I read the note. It said:

"Will you please send back all my letters. It cannot surprise you to have me express the desire that our acquaintance become a thing of the past. I regret having mistaken you for a gentleman. After Friday night I could never, never speak to you again."

Then the girl had signed her name in such a shaky way that I knew she had been crying. I almost forgot myself, and smiled with satisfaction; but I saw Johnson's woe-begone countenance and remembered myself.

"Well Johnson, old man, I'm sorry," I said lighting my pipe and trying to look unconcerned; "but if she stays that way it is just as well you knew how little she thought of you. It is all a mistake, of course, and undoubtedly the Mufli will see that everything is put right. But that cannot be done until after the exams. You see, they are getting dangerously near—but of course you've never thought of that."

"What do I care for exams?" he saidulkily. "Nothing, I presume; but is, freshman life proving so alluring that you want to be one for another whole year?"

"By Jove!" said Johnson, turning rather white, "I had never thought of that."

Just then according to a little previous arrangement The Kid came in with a huge calendar on which the second of May was marked off with red ink. He hung it up very quietly in front of Johnson's reading-desk and then stood off and looked at him.

"Only twenty-seven days," groaned Johnson as he counted the days up to the red mark.

"It's not very much time," said The Kid, shaking his head sadly; "but of course you won't mind dropping back a year!"

"And after all," said the mournful-looking Crane, as he walked into the room, "being a freshman for two years gives you such a good grounding in the rudiments."

"Never," moaned Johnson, walking up and down. "I can't lose the year! I won't lose the year!" Then he stood still and looked at his books. "Boys," he said quietly, "I'm going to work."

And we were wise enough to file silently out and leave him alone, for we knew the charm was broken. And for twenty-seven days and twenty-seven nights Johnson sported his oak. When he went home, after the examinations, he was a little pale and thin; but he did not drop back a year. And that is how the Mufli saved Johnson.

The Sporting Editor of the War Cry.

New York Sun.

Charles Wilson, a tramp, was a prisoner in Jefferson Market Police Court in New York last week. He was arrested asleep at Sixth avenue and Eighteenth street. When brought before Justice Simms the fellow laughed heartily and said:

"Well, Judge, you see I'm the sportin' editor of the War Cry, and me work was a little too hard for me. I must have taken too much to drink. Before I got the job on the War Cry I was bookkeeper in a shooting gallery. The work there was too hard for me, too. In fact, I'm too strong to work."

"I'll fine you \$5," said Justice Simms. "I wish I could fine it as easy as you do, said the prisoner as he was led away."

A Sympathetic Soul.

Harper's Round Table.

A story is told of a grocer engaged in business in a London suburb, to the effect that he once declined to attend a very popular concert even though a free ticket was offered to him. "Ye see," he said to the person who gave him the ticket, "if I went I'd see so many people who owe me money for groceries it would spoil my fun, and the sight o' me would spoil theirs. I'll stay at home."

Johnny—Papa, what do people mean when they talk about your constituents? Mr. Jenkins, M.P.—A constituent, Johnny, is a man who expects you to get him a job.

Just His Size.



Fat Boy—Give me a bathing suit. Bathing Master (aside)—Johnny, run across to the circus and borrow an elephant cover, quick!

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Between You and Me.

FEEL quite like Rip Van Winkle these days. Never do I take my walks abroad without some pretty woman rushing at me and saying impulsively, "My dear, I've got a bicycle." It does me good to see Toronto have a real genuine craze, but I'm out of it. For these young lovers are in their honeymoon, as it were and I am quite an old bicycle matron, able soon to celebrate a wooden bicycle wedding, so to speak! However, there is a comfort in being settled down, without the excitement of a brand-new passion for the perverse wheel or the danger of a falling off of one's devotion. And there is the wisdom of practice and experience, and the authority on the width of skirts, and the knowledge of sweet pastures by still waters, and the joy of more folds to conquer, far and wide. And the retrospect of many jolly times, that is perhaps as good as anything. And above all, there is a tender condolence with the women who are still unblest and bitter because of it. They don't know, the dears! I'm told that one of them says the wheel is immoral. Can this terrible word apply to some particular make, or did that woman get so badly thrown and bruised and disconnected that she really believes the wheel is a reasonable creature? One gets to that point sometimes, but unless she repents, at all events reconsiders, she'll have to inhabit this bleak world alone, like the last rose of summer, for like Miss Esther Summerson, according to Mrs. Guppy, she won't find anybody good enough for her.

It has been, and is, such a pleasant fading of prejudice; but there is enough left in dark corners to remind us of the black cloud of disapproving denseness which stood like the Israelitic pillar between us and the Promised Land. How people talked, to be sure! I have had the mother of girls who are now among our most enthusiastic cyclists say grudgingly to me: "You won't mind if I don't recognize you if I see you on your bicycle," and I have cheerfully assured her that it wouldn't break my heart if she didn't recognize me anywhere, if it was going to be a trouble to her. Of course I don't remind her of that now. I don't suppose she forgets, but I do take pleasure in talking wheel to the girls and in seeing which of us can make the straightest line down the hill at High Park, while mamma sits in the carriage and smiles at us. And, mind you, I don't altogether despair of my knickerbockers. We shall see!

"It is a serious thing," said the bride-elect to me yesterday, "to give your happiness into any man's hands," and she shook her head as wisely as you please. "It's a very wicked thing, even to think of doing so," I assured her, and then the argument began. I dare say one of her lover's vows had been that he would make her happy. What rubbish, and what a rubbishy woman she would be whom any man could guarantee to make happy. Why, we want a thousand things which they could as easily get hold of as they could pick down the moon. The bride-elect said, "I only want him," but as she spoke her voice wavered, and before I had done with her I think she had a different and most wearable notion of what would make her happy. It wasn't disloyal to "him" either, for though there are men so cocksure of themselves and so conceited over their powers that they have the temerity to assure their brides that no shadow shall come upon their paths, and though there are brides so unreasonable as to swallow this huge assertion between kisses, and howl when they find it's a fraud, still there are women whose brains are strong enough to hold a doubt, and whose good sense refutes the notion that any one poor, well-meaning, stupid, conceited man is wise and patient and powerful enough to make life a round of happy days for them. To be plain, our highest happiness comes to us alone, as does our deepest grief. The Bible doesn't miss its mark when it says just this very thing, because our highest happiness comes from what we are ourselves, and no stranger, even no hubby, intermeddles with it. The "I-will-make-you-happy" state of man is one I enjoy; it's so sublimely conceited and so delightfully funny. All the same, they have some excuse for their utterance when women quietly accept and rely upon it. There never was a well advanced human female yet who wanted "only him." There are perhaps no other "hims" necessary to her complete happiness, but there

are a hundred "its," even sometimes a few humble and appreciative "shes."

I read a book to-day (which perhaps you would like), a collection of short sketches called *Tales of Mean Streets*. If it had been *Mean Tales of Streets*, I think it would have fitted the book better. It treats of life in East London, and as a series of character pictures is most powerful and true. There are touches of irresistible humor, and broad beams of grim fun and gaunt shapes that haunt one, and bitterly pathetic stories; and one's gorge rises at the brutality of some, and the heart breaks at the misery of others. Fancy the hag-mother of a dying man keeping the half-sovereign given her to buy him port wine and save his life, that she might with the money order mutes and plumes for his funeral. There are depths of conventionality in which the soul sinks and is drowned. The book is at James Bain's, and is in the grateful large print one can read on the train or boat with comfort.

The manager of the Niagara Falls River Railway has sent me a time table, the like of which may be obtained on the boat or from the train conductors, which for fullness of information would be hard to beat. By it I learn that the last train to catch the latest boat leaves the Upper Bridge at 5.50, which is perhaps an item worth writing this paragraph to spread abroad. Anything in connection with this service is sure to be of interest, and the thousands who will take that lovely day I wrote of last week for the good of their healths and tempers during the coming months might hang 5.50 on a vacant peg in their minds.

LADY GAY.

Short Stories Retold.

Barlow asserted (writes Henry A. Beers in *The Ways of Yale*) that he was present once at morning chapel when Tutor Cosine, whose duty it was to conduct the exercises, began his prayer as follows: "O Thou who dost cause the planets to revolve in their elliptical orbits—the force of attraction varying inversely as the square of the distance."

General Gordon of Georgia tells the following story of the war period to illustrate the shrinkage of the Confederate currency: "One day a cavalryman rode into camp on a reasonably good horse. 'Hello, cavalryman,' said a foot-soldier, 'I'll give you three thousand dollars for your horse.' 'You go to (the bad place),' was the horseman's reply; 'I just paid one thousand dollars to have him cured.'"

Compositors are supposed to be able to decipher all kinds of handwriting. On this point Mr. Robert Clark, the Edinburgh printer, used to tell a story. Professor Lindsay Alexander came into his office one Friday with the manuscript of a sermon. "You must let me have proofs of this to-morrow," he said. Mr. Clark told him the time was too short. He must give them a few days longer. "No," he said; "I must preach this sermon to-morrow. It is a special sermon. I wrote it ten years ago, and now I can't make out a word of it."

The late Sir Patrick O'Brien's "bulls" rivalled the bulls of Sir Boyle Roche, and, like Sir Boyle Roche's impromptus, were in some instances not unpremeditated. His most famous bull was perhaps the observation "that the Irish Church Act had broken down the bridge that had previously separated the Catholics from the Protestants in Ireland." On one occasion, being interrupted by a titter of laughter, he paused, and looking angrily towards the quarter whence the interruption proceeded, said: "Ha! Mr. Speaker, I hear a twinkle."

A young reporter was sent out recently by the city editor of one of the Rochester papers to report a meeting. About two hours after the assignment was made, the young reporter returned with a sad countenance. The city editor asked him to get the report up immediately, as it was nearly time to go to press. "There will not be any report on that meeting," was the answer. "Why not?" queried the city editor. "There was not any meeting," replied the young reporter; "it broke up in a big row, and the chairman was chucked under the table."

American naval officers now in Washington who were recently in China tell of a day they spent ashore looking for sport. For a few yen, amounting to about four cents, they secured the services of two Chinese to fight for their

entertainment. The fight went on bravely, and as fights go in China, not being up to the American hippodrome style, one of the Chinese was whipped. But he was angry. As he moved away from the scene of combat he found a stone, and, turning upon his late antagonist, struck him a blow that killed him. The murderer was speedily beheaded, but the authorities decided that it was no concern of the American officers if a murder resulted from their plan of amusement. One of the younger officers remarked: "We not only got a fight, but a killing and an execution, all for four cents. You couldn't beat those rates."

INLAND NAVIGATION.

QUEBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY
SUMMER CRUISES IN COOL WATERS.

River and Gulf of St. Lawrence.—The iron, twin-screw steamship CAMPANA, with all modern accommodations, is intended to leave Montreal at 4 p.m. on Monday, 10th, 24th June, 8th, 22nd, July, 5th, 19th August, 2nd, 16th, 30th, September, 14th, 28th October, for Pictou, N. S., calling at Quebec, Father Point, Gaspe, Pares, Sumner, P. E. I., and Charlottetown, P. E. I. Through connections to Halifax, N. S., St. John, N. B., Boston and New York.

New York, Boston and Atlantic Coast.—The well known steamship ORINOCO, 2,000 tons, lighted by electricity and with all modern comforts, will cruise between New York and Quebec, visiting Boston, St. John, N. B., Yarmouth, Halifax, Charlottetown, Pictou, Bay of Chaleur and the Saguenay River, taking passengers only. Sailing from New York 13th July and 7th August, from Quebec 27th July and 22nd August. Finest trips for health and pleasure. For tickets and all information apply to BARLOW CUMBERLAND, 72 Yonge Street, Toronto. ARTHUR ABERN, Secretary, Quebec.

"HEALTH FOR THE MOTHER SEX"

COMPOUND

"HEALTH FOR THE MOTHER SEX."

This is the message of hope to every afflicted and suffering woman in Canada. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound is the only specific for diseases peculiar to women which can and does effect a complete cure. Prolapsus, Uteri, Leucorrhoea, and the PAIN to which every woman is PERIODICALLY subject, yield to Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound, entirely and always. Price 75c. For sale by every druggist in this broad land. Letters of enquiry from suffering women, addressed to the "A. M. C." Medicine Co., Montreal, marked "Personal," will be opened and answered by a lady correspondent and will not go beyond the hands and eyes of one of "the mother sex."

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ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI

Aids digestion and improves the appetite.

Refuse imitations.

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HARRY MORGAN

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Merchants' Restaurant, Jordan Street

Has pleasure in informing his friends and patrons that Commissioner Costworth now declares the walls of the McKinnon Building to be entirely free from danger.

Entrance from Wellington Street.

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"I AM PERMANENTLY CURED."

The Joyful Exclamation of Mr. Alexander Moffatt, of Millbrook, Ont.

Paine's Celery Compound Victorious After the Doctors Failed.

Mr. Moffatt is of the opinion that all his sufferings and troubles had their origin in liver complaint; a terribly dangerous malady that is dragging many a man and woman to the grave. This disease may be acute or chronic. In the acute form, there are violent burning pains conveyed to the shoulder and right arm, short cough, fever, irregular bowels and constipation. In the chronic form of liver complaint, there are many morbid conditions, such as enlargement, softening, abscesses and degeneration. The symptoms are, weight in stomach, flatulence, nausea, bilious vomiting, loss of appetite, thirst, white and dry tongue, bitter taste, and a host of other miserable conditions.

Long experience has fully proved, that Paine's Celery Compound is the only medicine that can successfully grapple with the dread disease of liver complaint. Honest and able doctors are advising their patients to make use of Paine's Celery Compound, for the great reason, that they know of no other medicine that gives such prompt and effective results. The cure of Mr. Moffatt amply proves every statement made in favor of Paine's Celery Compound, and clearly demonstrates the fact that when physicians fail to cure, nature's medicine is sure to do the good work. Mr. Moffatt writes thus:

"Having been a sufferer for years from severe pains in the side, back and breast, I firmly believe, by a sluggish liver, I received the treatment of eminent physicians, and was compelled to wear a fur coat summer and winter; I was also advised to wear a chambray vest, but nothing seemed to do me good."

"At last I was advised by kind friends to try Paine's Celery Compound; and after using six bottles, I find that I am perfectly cured. Paine's Celery Compound has indeed done wonders for me. You may publish this for the benefit of suffering humanity."



In speaking of the different art schools or art organizations of Toronto, one which is in many ways in marked contrast to the Central Ontario School of Art and Design, is the Toronto Art Students' League. While the first is supported in part by a Government grant, the second is self-supporting. The first is, as the name indicates, for furthering knowledge in many branches of art, the second in that of pictorial art chiefly; the first is for students in all stages of knowledge, the second for advanced students or artists; the first has instructors, while in the second mutual criticism, or the equally powerful but silent effort of comparison, is all the instruction given; the first is a school, the second an organization for mutual improvement. The League has so recently been described and explained so fully by its president, Mr. R. Holmes, in his article in the December number of the *Canadian Magazine* of 1894, that we cannot do better than quote from him as to some of its leading features. All who read the article will remember how splendidly it was illustrated by the pencil and brush of its various members, the work showing better than words the ability of the members and usefulness of the League. Mr. Holmes says: "The League, as it at present exists, is composed of artists and art students, and its chief objects are, according to the requirements of its constitution, to afford facilities for the study of drawing and painting from the antique and life, and to cultivate a spirit of fraternity among the art students. The management of the business is vested in a committee of eleven members, elected annually on the first Tuesday of March, and the membership fees are three dollars at entrance, and two dollars per month for men, and one dollar and fifty cents per month for women, payable during the eight working months of the year. It is a self-supporting and co-operative concern in which every member is a part owner and shares equally with his fellows in bearing the burdens and enjoying the privileges. This institution is first and foremost a life-class and has set itself firmly in one resolve, unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, that its members shall draw immediately from life; and if necessary, every other consideration must bend in obedience to the carrying out of this line of action."

In consequence of this resolve, the life-class is held three evenings in the week (at the time of the year when the class is at its largest it is sometimes five evenings), and the time given to the study of the nude and draped model is alike. Annually, about Christmas time, an exhibition of the work of the students is given, lasting usually a week. No unnecessary expense or space is wasted on frames, but the walls are always covered with work, pen-and-ink, for illustration, water color and oil, all stamped with the impress of the vigor and directness that says its say in the shortest, clearest way possible. Here are usually to be found the original drawings for the calendar which the League has published yearly with increased success. If it would not be presumptuous, we would like to say to the "powers that be" that a hanging calendar would of necessity take better than the form of a book which theirs has always had. To our certain knowledge, this alone prevented repeatedly the sale of what was one of the best, perhaps the best Canadian calendar published. Another feature of the League is the Saturday afternoon sketch class for out-of-door work, which meets weekly. Reference was made last week to their first meeting for this season. Each band of workers adds its quota to the art life of our city, and of these no insignificant one is the Toronto Art Students' League.

Of these life-classes brief mention may be made. An Academy grant was made for this purpose for the benefit of the Academicians and associates living here, who might add to the class by invitation if desirable, and this was held twice a week, one afternoon in the studio of Mr. G. A. Held, in the Yonge street Arcade, and Saturday evening in one of the class-rooms of the O. S. A. gallery. The accommodation for the Saturday class being the larger, many outsiders attended, and among them were a number of advanced students of the Art School, who were there under Mr. Cruickshank, working from the cast and life, and so were fully able to benefit by this class. Some of the more pupils, whom Mr. Cruickshank has somehow imbued with his own indomitable desire for thorough and accurate study, have, since the close of the Art School, held every evening for some six weeks a life-class of their own, with frequent criticisms from their teacher. No rules or by-laws hamper them, no officers control them, nothing but the law of work holds sway, and of such are they who win.

Mr. C. M. Manly sailed on Wednesday last for England and will spend the summer there portraying landscapes.

Miss Gertrude E. Spurr is spending June among the inspiring landscapes about Doon.

The members of the Art League put in a profitable afternoon's work up the Don Valley last Saturday on their regular weekly sketching trip. LYNN C. DOYLE.

DEAR EDITOR—In your last issue I was pleased to read a lengthy and, in many respects, a worthy report of the work done by the Central Ontario School of Art and Design. Reference was made therein to former schools of art in this city, and by inference one is led to believe that the present school arose from out of the debris and ruin of the old schools. As it is a matter of interest to every citizen to know the origin and work of institutions to which he is a legalized contributor, that the above-named institution dated its organization under absolutely new conditions and at a positive date, may not be uninteresting to the citizen. I will tell in brief its origin and the conditions which led thereto; later, its inception and the stormy debate on the night of its institution in Toronto.

During the holiday season of 1891 I was stopping at the Hotel Belleville in Parry Sound. Amongst other Toronto citizens there was Dr.



Captain Johnson—Foul dere, umph! Dat ball out de foul line.
Captain Jackson—Fair ball dere! It wait inside de flag.
Umph Jefferson—Neider, gemmen. Call back de battah. Dat ball am a dead ball; it dun landed in de grabeyard.

May of the Normal School, who was on a tour of inspection of the Mechanic Institutes in that district. The stage coach was about to start for Lake Rosseau, when the doctor and his party decided to leave. I joined them. On our trip to Rosseau, which was a very rocky one to say the least, over corduroy bridges, over sandy hills and over huge ledges of Huronian rock, we arrived at last at our destination. The lamentable condition of the Toronto Art School then existing was the principal theme of conversation during the trip. Dr. May suggesting to me the necessity for organizing a new school, we decided upon it, concluding, as we parted at another pleasant resort a few days later, up Lake Muskoka, that upon the doctor's return from his official trip I would take the initiative. About six weeks later I received a note informing me of the return of my esteemed friend. I called upon him on the following afternoon. It was a cold, wet day I remember well. For two hours and a half we discussed the artistic, the legal and every possible bearing of the new institution, whilst the wind whistled through the trees and the water rushed from the roof. The work must be done at once, for on the following evening the Toronto School of Art was to hold its annual meeting, and it was decided that we (the artists) attend and present the condition of affairs to the assembled guests. Get together at once, was the decision arrived at. After having decided on the title of the new institution, The Central Ontario School of Art and Design, we parted. Early next morning I called upon three of our artists, who did not seem inclined to join me; leaving them, however, I told them to join me at the Normal school, where the papers of the new institution were being made out. When I arrived the artists were there. The papers of the new school were laid before us, when Dr. May desired that I should place my name first on the scroll as having instituted it, and I did so. Two weeks later I was rebuffed by a gentleman who had as yet taken no part in the work, writing his autograph above that of my own—his modesty, not his ability, prompting the act. The meeting of the old school alluded to above took place, a stormy one, duly reported by the city press, in which Mr. Bell-Smith, Mr. Gagen, Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Forster and myself were the exponents of the new doctrine and the assailants of the old. On the following day Mr. Matthews and Mr. Gagen received the seal of incorporation upon the new school authorizing it. Thus, I have in brief told the story of the present school of art in Toronto and its origin in order that it might be known in its true historic light. I wish it every possible success.

I remain sincerely yours,
W. A. SHERWOOD.

No Chickens.

Boston Budget.

It was a Tennessee Methodist class leader who had before him a six months probationer whom he was questioning for admission to all the privileges of the church.

"Well, Sambo," said the class leader, "I hope you are prepared to live a Christian life in accordance with your profession. Have you stolen any chickens during the last six months?"

"No, sah! I done stole no chickens."

"Have you stolen any turkeys or pigs?"

Sambo looked grieved. "No, sah!"



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Remedy for

STOMACH,

Liver, and

Bowel Complaints

AYER'S PILLS

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Highest Awards

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World's Fair.



Don't Forget

that when you buy Scott's Emulsion you are not getting a secret mixture containing worthless or harmful drugs.

Scott's Emulsion cannot be secret for an analysis reveals all there is in it. Consequently the endorsement of the medical world means something.

Scott's Emulsion

overcomes Wasting, promotes the making of Solid Flesh, and gives Vital Strength. It has no equal as a cure for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Scrophula, Anaemia, Emaciation, and Wasting Diseases of Children.

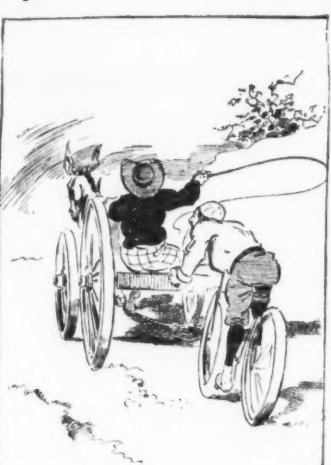
Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c & \$1.

"I am very glad to hear this good report," continued the class leader, "and I trust you will continue to live an honest, Christian life." After church Sambo hurried home with his wife, who had overheard the catechizing. When they were fairly out of everybody's hearing he drew a long breath of relief and turned a self-approving glance to his better half. "Golly," he said, in a half-cautious whisper, "ef he'd er said ducks, I'd be'n a lost niggah, suah."

A Sad Mishap.



Cycler—Hurry up, Rube, or else get out of my way!



Rube—Certainly (twirling his whip).



g'lang there, Dobbin!

A Good Housewife

Knows that salt is of the first importance in the preparation and preservation of food, and that the purest and most soluble salt is Windsor Table Salt. Ask your grocer for it. It doesn't cake.

Customer—Bring me some lobster salad and some cucumbers. Walter (bringing pen, ink and paper)—Please write your name and address before you tackle that order.

A Famous Summer Resort.

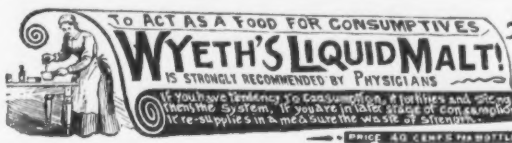
The Peninsular Park Hotel, Big Bay Point, beautifully situated on Lake Simcoe, nine miles from Barrie, Ont., is now open for the reception of guests. It is the boast of the management that this resort stands unrivalled on the Canadian lakes, and is the only summer hotel north of Toronto which is first class in all its appointments. Among the many advantages are the beautiful lawns for tennis and bowling, unexcelled facilities for bathing, boating and fishing, a splendid cuisine, and, in addition, the building is lighted throughout by electricity. There is a daily steamboat connection with the G. T. R. at Barrie. Mr. M. McConnell, 46 Colborne street, will gladly furnish full particulars, or enquiries may be addressed to the manager at the hotel.

"Where did you get that cigar?" demanded the boss barber severely. "From the traveling man, sir," replied the journeyman on the seventh chair, apologetically. "What is he traveling for? A rope walk?"

JOHN LABATT'S ALE AND STOUT

THE FINEST OF BEVERAGES

Received HIGHEST AWARD made on this continent at the WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO 1893, and GOLD MEDAL at the MID-WINTER EXPOSITION, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 1894. Surpassing all Canadian and United States competitors in every respect, and EIGHT other GOLD, SILVER AND BRONZE MEDALS at the WORLD'S GREAT EXHIBITIONS.



Starved Into Mutiny.

A famous mutiny on shipboard came to pass in this way: When the ship, which had sailed from London, was well down the Channel, it was found that the provisions intended for the use of the crew were rotten and of course, uneatable. The men complained to the captain, who promised to put into some near port and exchange the bad stores for good. He failed to keep his word, and as the poor sailors couldn't sail the 10,000 miles on empty stomachs, they killed the captain and mate, helped themselves to the cabin provisions, held high jinks for a few weeks, and finally scuttled the ship, put off in boats and were all lost but three. The captain could have prevented all this if he had chosen to; but perhaps the owners and he had put up the bad job on the men. Very likely, and got served out for it. They were both criminals and fools.

But there are ships that must needs sail to the end of the voyage with only the original stores. Come that may, they can't go back or put into any port. Some are well found and others badly; and so voyages differ.

To modify the illustration, the latter kind of vessels are human beings. At birth we sail on a voyage, which by rights ought to be seventy years long. But how many of us continue on the Sea of Life that long? Very few comparatively. Most of us go down sooner. Why? Because we recklessly, carelessly, or ignorantly waste the stock of vital force with which Nature endows us at the start. There are no meat shops or bakeries on the Atlantic, nor are there any places at birth where you can beg or buy more "life." This is perfectly plain to me. Is it plain to you? I am afraid it isn't. Let's see whether a little incident will throw light on it.

Mr. Henry Fish had been a fortunate man. He had been born well by him. Up to the autumn of 1890 he could say "I have always been strong and healthy." For thirty years he had worked as a painter for one employer. He must have been not only a healthy man, but a good painter. So far his "vitality," his constitution, had been equal to all demands on it. He had endured a lot of hard work, related the weather and digested his food. Then it refused to go on. It struck work. It wouldn't make sail or pull an oar. In plain English the symptoms or signs of the trouble were these: Loss of appetite, bad taste in the mouth, terrible pains after eating, yellow eyes and skin, and rheumatic gout in the feet. His legs and stomach became fearfully swollen, and his heart palpitated and thumped frightfully nearly all the time. On account of the distress given him by solid food he could only eat slops, and not much strength can be got out of them.

By-and-by the best he could do was to huddle about on crutches. He could not lie at all, because he couldn't draw his breath when lying down. For over a month he snatched what sleep he could only supported upright on his crutches. Just think of that, and be thankful it wasn't your case. He wasn't able to lift his hand to his mouth, and had to be nursed night and day. He got so low (in spite of doctors attending him) that he didn't expect to live, and didn't desire to. One doctor said he had heart disease, and that his heart was as big as a bullock's, which was nonsense. During all this illness Mr. Fish had a professional nurse from a convalescent home. When he had sunk so low as to make it a wonder how he kept alive at all, he first heard of the medicine which finally cured him. In concluding his letter he says: "After beginning to take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup I never looked behind me. I got stronger every day, and have all nothing since. This medicine saved my life, and I want the public to know it. (Signed) Henry Fish, Great Malvern, County of Worcester, January 12, 1893."

Only a word more. We spoke of men and women being like ships that have to sail to the end of the voyage with what supplies they start with. By that we mean, not supplies of food, but supply of power to digest food. You see the difference? Bread and meat are no better than lead and leather if you can't digest them. In Mr. Fish's case it was not food that failed, but power to use it. He had indigestion and dyspepsia. The wonderful remedy discovered by Mother Seigel stopped the waste of vitality caused by the disease and enabled Nature to use food to build up the perishing body. He will now proceed, we hope, towards the port of Old Age with favoring winds.

Yet, save for timely rescue, he would doubtless have gone down as millions do, leaving but a momentary eddy over the spot where they disappear.

"Emily, if William to-day asks you to marry him, you must tell him to speak to me." "Yes, mamma; but if he does not?" "Then tell him I want to speak to him."

Student—Several of my friends are coming to dine here, so I want a big table. Mine host—Just look at this one, sir. Fifteen persons could sleep quite comfortably under it.

The Hamilton Steamboat Company are now running four trips daily between this city and Hamilton, leaving here at 7.30 and 11 a.m. and 2 and 5.15 p.m.

The Wife—I'm afraid there's no hope for you, John. John—Why? The Wife—The doctor says he has a handsome young brother he'd like me to meet.

Busy Day at H. M. Customs. These are busy days at Her Majesty's Customs. Last week Mr. G. W. Muller, 9 King street west, in a single day passed sixty thousand high grade cigars for his exclusively first-class trade.

"Speaking of the Voice of Labor," said Brown, "I never realized how much it was out of tune until I heard our new cook singing at her work."

Denver and Return. The Wabash Railroad is the direct line from Canada to the grand annual meeting of the National Educational Association at Denver, Col. Tickets on sale July 5 to 10 and good to return any time before September 1. The rate will be the lowest ever made. Any person can go. The Wabash is the only line that can take delegates via St. Louis and Kansas City and return them via Chicago, or (vice versa) take this route and pass through seven States of the Union in the finest equipped trains on earth. Full particulars from any railroad agent, or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

A Sound Fire Assurance Company.

The Manchester Fire Assurance Company of Manchester, England, of which Mr. James Boomer is manager for Canada, has removed from its quarters at 5 Wellington street east to the Masonic Buildings, 22 Toronto street. This change being rendered necessary by the increasing volume of business. The Manchester Company transacts fire business only and has had a successful record since the Company was founded in the City of Manchester, England, away back in 1824. Its total funds and security, according to its seventy first annual report, amount to \$12,400,265. From the same report these interesting figures may be quoted:

Net Fire Premiums.....\$ 1,230,816

Net Fire Profit.....\$ 1,787,890

Interest on Investments, etc.....108,636

Dividend.....\$ 229,350

Added to the funds for the year.....150,000

Capital subscribed.....79,350

Total.....\$10,000,000

This must be regarded as a very good showing and the reputation which the Company has made for prompt settlements has assisted it in securing that large business in Canada which has compelled Mr. Boomer to remove to the busy premises which he now occupies at 22 Toronto street. The Company has agencies established all over the Dominion.

Short Journeys on a Long Road

Is the characteristic title of a profusely illustrated book containing over one hundred pages of charmingly written descriptions of summer resorts in the country north and west of Chicago. The reading matter is new, the illustrations are new, and the information therein will be new to almost everyone.

A copy of Short Journeys on a Long Road will be sent free to anyone who will enclose ten cents (to pay postage) to Geo. H. Heafford, general passenger agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill.

"Thieves," read the head of the family, "are going about appropriating everything loose." "Heavens! My bloomers!" was Maud Edith's unguarded exclamation.

Many a Young Man.

When from overwork, possibly assisted by an inherited weakness, the health fails and rest or medical treatment must be resorted to, then no medicine can be employed with the same beneficial results as Scott's Emulsion.

Rambler—Our minister has received a call from somewhere else at more money, and I understand he has been at home two days praying for guidance. Caretaker—What about his wife think about it? Rambler—Oh, she's packing up.

K.D.C. FOR DISTRESS AFTER EATING AND SWEETENING THE STOMACH

Rev. A. B. JOHNSON, Westmeath, Ont.:

"I have used several remedies for dyspepsia, and would say that for giving relief after meals and sweetening the stomach, I have never found anything to equal K. D. C."

ARE YOU TROUBLED WITH BAD TASTE, BELCHING, BURNING IN THROAT? TAKE K. D. C.—THE KING OF DYSPEPSIA CURES.

TURKISH BATHS

204 King Street West - - Toronto

These Baths are open all night with sleeping accommodations for each bath.

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Music.

MR. EMIL LIEBLING, the genial pianist of Chicago, whose many witticisms have made him quite as famous as his piano playing—and that is saying considerable—has composed a Canzonetta for the piano which is thus referred to by the critical reviewer of the New York Musical Courier:—"Mr. Liebling seems always to be in good humor, and after looking through his last little contribution we felt a desire to get hold of a funeral march of his just for a change. A Sonata Pathétique, or an Etude Melancholique, or a Serenade Cholerique, or a Galop Infernale; anything hellish, damnable or diabolical would do now as an evidence that he has some moments in life when he is not feeling ready for a smile or smiling already." Mr. Liebling is well known to be one of the wealthiest of American musicians. His comfortable circumstances and happy disposition have suggested in a Chicago musical journal an editorial article in which the idea is thrown out that a musician with a good bank account can and will accomplish better work than another whose anxiety about the morrow is reflected in the doleful effect of his public performances. A large number of successful American musicians are instances whose bank accounts foot up high into the thousands, and attention is drawn to the life of Mendelssohn, the later days of Wagner, Liszt's career and other notable cases in which a contented frame of mind worked wonders. The writer then moralizes as to what Beethoven might not have produced had he not been in constant terror of the bailiff. It is said that "Necessity is the mother of invention," but the points made by our Chicago scribe seem to discount the absolute reliability of that old saying somewhat. The great inventor Edison seems to be a very present example of what can be accomplished when a man is possessed of a well filled purse and a well stocked larder. The experiment of feathering one's nest would therefore appear to be worthy of a trial by the musical fraternity, which for some reason or other is not rated any too high in the financial world, although its status is undoubtedly improving. Occasionally one comes into contact with some musical fakir who proudly proclaims and boasts of his poverty. This class of humbug utilizes every occasion, private and public, to explain that he is laboring in the "cause of the art," and that pure and undefiled unselfishness of the most sublime order is alone responsible for his pitiable condition. Such men draw parallels between their own fate and that of some of the lamented great composers of the past and early portion of the present century, and enthusiastically bracket their names with that of Beethoven, always taking care, however, that the great giant in music is mentioned second.

A piano recital was given at the Conservatory of Music on Saturday evening last by Miss Ida C. Hughes and Mr. Charles Wark, two talented pupils of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, A.T.C.M. A large and appreciative audience was in attendance, and the recital proved a thoroughly artistic and enjoyable affair. The following programme was rendered:

Mendelssohn.....Andante, from Concerto in G Minor
Op. 25, No. 1.
Orchestral Accompaniment on 2nd Piano by Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, A.T.C.M.
Mozzowski.....(Schubert) Waltz, No. 10
Miss Ida C. Hughes.
(a) Field.....Nooturne in B flat
(b) Godard.....Mazurka, No. 4
Mr. Charles Wark.
Liszt.....Waldesrauschen
Miss Ida C. Hughes.
(a) Whitney.....Bucroala
(b) Hollander.....March, Op. 69
Mr. Charles Wark.
Chopin.....Ballade, in A flat
Miss Ida C. Hughes.

In the performance of these numbers the same excellent features which have been mentioned by me in noticing previous concerts by Mr. Tripp's pupils were abundantly in evidence. Mr. Wark's playing was received with particular enthusiasm by the audience, this promising young player having been repeatedly recalled. Vocal numbers by pupils of Mrs. Bradley, Miss Denzil and Mr. H. N. Shaw lent variety to a programme of unusual interest throughout.

A song recital was given in the Pavilion on Friday evening of last week by Mr. R. Watkin Mills, the eminent English bass-baritone, whose splendid vocalism on different occasions has furnished one of the most enjoyable features of the past concert season in this city. The concert was given under the auspices of the Toronto Philharmonic Society, being the first concert by the Festival Chorus under the new name which I am informed has been adopted by that organization. Mr. Mills divided his programme into four sections, representative respectively of the operatic, Handelian, ballad and national types of vocal music. Many of the selections chosen for this occasion had been sung in Toronto by Mr. Mills in previous concerts, and detailed criticisms of his masterly interpretations have already appeared in this column in noticing the various oratorio performances or songs and recitals in which he had taken part. It will therefore suffice to say that on no previous occasion has Mr. Mills appeared to better advantage than at the concert under notice. Whilst he excelled in all his work, special mention might be made of the splendid rendering of the Handelian oratorio numbers and of the well known German drinking-song, In Cellar Cool. The interest of the audience was maintained to the last number of a very lengthy programme, and the enthusiastic applause which followed each selection proved conclusively the deep impression again created by Mr. Mills on the occasion of this his farewell appearance in Toronto for the season. Able support was rendered the vocalists of the evening by Miss Louise McKay, soprano, and Mr. H. M. Field, pianist. Miss McKay sang in excellent style and with her usual success two ballads by Maschek. Mr. Field contributed Chopin's Berceuse, Raff's Spinning Song and Liszt's Polonaise in E. Several recalls testified to the delight of the audience at Mr. Field's artistic work, his reception being hardly less cordial than that given the visiting artist.

Out for the Dust.



Texas Pete (looking at the electric call box)—Say, Boss, what kind of game is that? I'd like ter put five dollars on one o' them numbers.

This recital closed the season's active work for the Toronto Philharmonic. I understand that Haydn's Creation will be given early next season and that other special features will be introduced, whereby it is hoped public interest in the Society's work may be revived and a new era of prosperity be inaugurated.

A piano recital was given at the Conservatory of Music on Thursday evening of last week by pupils of Mr. A. S. Vogt. The following programme was presented:

Buglari.....Trio, Piano, Violin and Cello.
Allegro Moderato, Andante, Scherzo, Finale.
Miss Florence Benson, piano; Miss Lena M. Hayes, A.T.C.M. violin; Signor Giuseppe Dinelli, Cello.
(a) Leebelsky.....Mazurka, Op. 24.
(b) Godard.....Valse Chromatique.
Miss Carrie Fisher.

(a) Ruff.....Prelude, From Suite in E Minor, Op. 73.
(b) Bist.....Allegro from Suite de l'Arlésienne.
Miss Florence Benson.
(a) Granfelt.....Gavotte, Op. 32.
(b) Leebelsky.....Souvenir d'Isle, Op. 35.
Miss Mabel Bertram.
Chopin.....Nooturne, B Major Op. 32, No. 1.
Master Douglas H. Bertram.
Schumann.....Andante and Variations, Op. 46.
Miss Emma Andrich and Miss Florence Benson.

The following vocal pupils of Mrs. Bradley contributed a number of well chosen songs during the evening: Misses Ruth McGill, Bertha Dewart, Dora L. McMurry and Mr. Will Richardson. Miss Dewart and Miss McMurry are entitled to special praise for the excellence of their work on this occasion.

A fine performance of The Mikado was given in St. Catharines on Thursday, May 30, by the Amateur Musical and Dramatic Association of that city under the direction of Mr. R. Thomas Steele of Hamilton. Local papers describe the event as the most successful in the annals of light opera performances in St. Kitts. The Star in an editorial article on the condition of musical culture in St. Catharines says: "The credit for the large degree of musical efficiency in St. Catharines to-day is due to such artists as Dr. Vorrinder, Prof. Fisher and Prof. Read, but not the least to Mr. R. Thomas Steele of Hamilton, whose skill in staging and directing opera is well known over the whole country. . . . The public should heartily and substantially support such efforts, and it is to be hoped that in future there will be a liberal guarantee fund provided to meet necessary preliminary expenses and thus prevent the maintenance of the society falling on the few who are willing to sacrifice time and means for the benefit of the many. . . . In many cities such a course would be pursued, and many localities would be proud in the possession of an organization having the undoubted talent of the local amateurs of St. Catharines."

Their Excellencies Lord Aberdeen and the Countess of Aberdeen have forwarded to Mr. Torrington their photographs with an autograph letter from her Excellency the Countess in remembrance of their recent visit to Toronto and in acknowledgment of Mr. Torrington's services. In addition both his Excellency and the Countess expressed their satisfaction with the manner in which the Irish music was rendered at the concert given under the auspices of the Young Ladies' Catholic Society in Massey Music Hall.

Miss Grisdale, a former piano pupil of Mr. H. M. Field, took part in an important concert given recently in Winnipeg, and won pronounced success through the excellence of her performance on that occasion. Local papers highly praise her technique, style and her work generally.

Mendelssohn's Athalia was given in Hamilton last week under the baton of Mr. J. E. P. Aldous, B.A., by a chorus of about four hundred voices, supported by the well known and efficient Harris orchestra of that city. The performance, I am informed, was a pronounced success and a credit to the city.

A writer in the London Musical Times holds forth on the interesting subject of The Strong Man in Music, and conclusively proves that the possession of power and endurance, or the cultivation of the athletic instinct, has conducted in no small degree to success in the annals of the art. The writer says: "A great pianist or violinist can never hope to excel as a wicket-keeper, for example, to stand up to Richardson's or Woodcock's deliveries; or for M. Paderewski to keep goal in an association football match. Still, if one looks at the list of musicians who have achieved distinction in the course of the century it is quite refreshing to find what a creditable proportion have given the lie to the view that the service of art is incompatible with a taste for manly and athletic sports. Standig, one of the finest singers of the century, was a keen sportsman. . . . As for Mendelssohn, it is well known that though not endowed with a robust physique, there were few pastimes in which he did not excel. . . . Rubinstein's immense strength was conclusively exhibited at the keyboard. . . . Reference

must also be made to the MM. de Reszke, both of them men of powerful build as well as keen sportsmen. But after all it is not necessary to go abroad in search of evidence to rebut the Philistine fallacy that musicians are unmanly or unathletic. Take our singers, and consider how entirely inapplicable the former epithet, at any rate, is to such men as Mr. Santley, Signor Foli and Mr. Lloyd amongst our veterans. Take the case of Dr. Hubert Parry, who but for a rule forbidding the same boy to hold both posts, would have been captain of both football teams at Eton. . . . Messrs. Norman Salmond, Watkin Mills and Plunkett Greene are all devotees of golf. The newly elected Mendelssohn scholar, we learn, is an excellent cricketer. In the ranks of the amateurs this divided allegiance to art and athletics could be illustrated *ad infinitum*. But enough has been said to show that so far from the union being impracticable, it is manifested with the happiest results in precisely those members of the profession who are its greatest ornaments."

Herr Hermann Levi, the eminent Munich orchestra conductor, has been creating no small sensation in London on account of the remarkable effects produced under his baton in recent concerts in the world's metropolis. A leading English journal in speaking of this season's Wagner concerts in London says: "The concert of the 25th was conducted by Herr Hermann Levi, who on this occasion appeared for the first time in England. Among the brilliant audience which crowded the hall were, of course, many whose visits to Bayreuth and Munich had made them acquainted with Herr Levi's remarkable gifts as an interpreter; but even these were scarcely prepared for such results as were achieved on the evening in question. Herr Levi's readings of the works rendered, approach on the one side those of Herr Richter in breadth of effect, dramatic insight and dignity; and on the other those of Herr Mottl in clearness and particularization of detail. His interpretation of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony was remarkable in both respects."

Mr. W. H. Sherwood, the eminent American pianist, is at present in the city conducting the piano examinations at the Conservatory of Music.

The closing concert of the College of Music will be given in Massey Hall on June 27.

Gilbon's orchestra has finished its season and will resume September 1. This orchestra is at present filling a summer engagement at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

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Social and Personal.

Miss Adeline Dinelli has been for the last week on a visit with her brother, Signor Giuseppe Dinelli. On Monday evening Miss Dinelli and Signor Dinelli, assisted by Madame D'Auria, will give a violin and cello recital in the Conservatory Music Hall, corner of Yonge street and Wilton avenue, at eight o'clock. Miss Dinelli's charming violin playing will add great interest to the soiree musicale.

A pretty wedding took place on Wednesday, June 19, at the residence of Dr. Spaulding, Bathurst street, when his daughter Minnie was married to Mr. Ernest H. Owen of this city. The nuptial knot was tied by Rev. W. F. Wilson, assisted by Rev. E. E. Scott, at 10 a.m. A large number of guests did honor to a reception and the spacious residence was thrown open to the guests. The bride looked charming in a heavy white silk trimmed with lace, and carried a beautiful spray bouquet of white and pink roses. Miss Millie Verity of Brantford looked pretty and graceful in cream silk trimmed with pearls. Mr. Frank Beecroft was best man. The altar was placed in one corner of the drawing-room and was built of palms, ferns and flowers. The music was supplied by Mr. Will Hewlett. The happy couple left at 1 p.m. for a five months' trip through Eastern Canada, staying at Montreal, Quebec, Saginaw River, St. John, N.B., and Truro, N.S. A large front room upstairs was devoted to the presents, which formed a handsome array. Among those presenting compliments to the bride and groom were: Dr. Hart, Miss J. Davidson, Rev. George Rutledge, Mrs. McDonnell of Alliston, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Price, Mr. and Mrs. Owen, Mrs. W. Hopinstall, Mr. L. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Hart, Dr. and Mrs. Oakley, Dr. Peaker, Mr. E. F. Shippe, the Misses Jones, Mr. and Mrs. George Southcott, Mr. and Miss McKellar, Misses Riekey and Warner, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Austin of Brampton, Miss Beecroft, Mr. John Stewart, Mrs. Arnold, Miss Ella Austin, Mr. Ledger, Miss Stewart and Miss Madge Baker of Asy.

Mr. Maurice Pyk, from Chicago, has been visiting his brother, Mr. Tor Pyk. Mr. Maurice is an accomplished violinist.

Miss Tilley of Ottawa is the guest of Mrs. George J. Mason of Harr Hall, Victoria crescent, Parkdale.

The Mirmio Club held a very jolly picnic last Saturday up the Humber.

The residence of Mr. H. Frith, 70 Macdonnell avenue, was the scene of a very pretty wedding on June 19, the contracting parties being Miss Elith, second daughter of Mr. T. H. Kidd of Toronto, and Mr. Frederick A. McDiarmid, barrister-at-law, Osgoode Hall. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. McDiarmid of Napanee, father of the groom, in the presence of a large number of friends. The bride looked charming, dressed in blue silk, and carried a bouquet of roses. The bridesmaid was Miss Gertrude Monck, who was dressed in cream silk trimmed with brown. The groom was supported by Mr. Herbert McMullen. The presents were numerous and handsome. After the ceremony the guests sat down to a *recherche* wedding breakfast. A reception was held from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. The bridal couple left in time to catch the 5.30 train for the East for a short tour.

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Egg Spoons
Toast Racks

Card Plates
Pie Knives
Salt Wells
Cake Knives
Puff Boxes
Sugar Dusters
Butter Knives
Tea Balls
Cream Jugs
Sugar Bowls
Tea Pots
Salt Shakers
Cream Ladles

All Sterling, Dainty and Useful.

KENTS'

144 Yonge Street

High Park

The Band of the Queen's Own

Will play in the Park on Saturday Afternoon, the 22nd inst. The Toronto Railway will run a 5-minute service direct into the Park all day.

Victoria Park

A First-Class Band

Is engaged for Saturday. The Scarborough Railway will run direct to the gate of the Park. The King Street Cars run every 5 minutes to Balm Avenue. Mostly open cars. Admission to Park free to all who go by cars.

Hanlan's Point

MILITARY BAND NIGHTLY

and SATURDAY AFTERNOON

To-day—RAMBLERS' BICYCLE RACES

Monday Evening, June 24th, Grand Opening of the ROOF GARDEN MUSICALS

Stephenson House

ST. CATHARINES Ont.

The Stephenson House, with Original Mineral Baths, is now open for the reception of guests.

The waters are a positive cure for all rheumatic affections, and are the exclusive property of the Stephenson House, which is the only Summer Resort and first-class hotel in St. Catharines.

DR. CLARKE, Consulting Physician.

The Lowest \$65.00 Yet



...THIS picture is a fac-simile of a combination roll top typewriter desk, desk and letter cabinet, with a Bleckenseder typewriter, fitted up complete. We are selling this very handsome piece of office furniture, in either Oak or Walnut, for \$65. No such value anywhere else in Canada.

TORONTO FURNITURE SUPPLY CO.

King Street West

Next the Mail Building

ACCORDION PLEATING—Not the old knife pleat. The Accordion is done by O. Stedman Pierce, the only one in Canada who does Accordion. References—W. A. Murray & Co., W. Smith & Co., 3 King Street East, Toronto



Buying Wedding Presents

AT WHOLESALE PRICES

That's what everyone is doing who knows this house. The business is in liquidation, and the entire stock, unequalled in size and character in the Dominion, must be cleared out in a short time. We are selling everything at retail at less than the actual wholesale prices. Everything marked in plain figures.

BOHEMIAN GLASS SETS

SOME SUPERBLY HANDSOME GOODS

For Example: Oyster Sets, Asparagus Sets, Fish Sets, Ice Cream Sets, Berry Sets, Dessert Sets, Wine Sets, six stock patterns, enabling us to meet any call.

JAS. A. SKINNER & CO.

(IN LIQUIDATION)

54 and 56 Wellington Street West, Toronto

THE BON MARCHE

...WILL OFFER...

On Monday Morning at 10 O'Clock Sharp

5,000 Samples New York Make
White Cambric Underwear

CONSISTING OF

Nightgowns, Chemise, Drawers, Corset Covers, &c., &c.

These goods are made of best American Cambric, and the entire lot will be cleared out at about

...HALF PRICE...

We invite all the ladies to call and inspect these goods, as a chance like this may not occur again in a lifetime.

500 SWEATERS for Men, Youths and Misses. Price was 50c., now reduced to 25c. No one should be without one.

F. X. COUSINEAU & CO.

Niagara River Line

6 TRIPS DAILY

Except Sunday.

Sts. CHICORA, CIBOLA and CHIPPAWA

COMMENCING MONDAY, JUNE 17

Will leave Yonge Street Wharf (east side) at

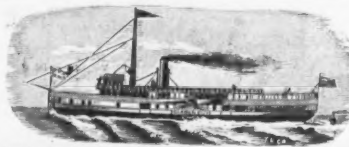
7 a.m., 9 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., 3.30 & 4.45 p.m.
For Niagara, Lewiston and Queenston, connecting with New York Central and Hudson River Ry., Niagara Falls Park and River Railway and Michigan Central Railway for Niagara Falls, Buffalo and all points East and West.

Niagara Falls Line

DOUBLE TRIPS

EMPRESS OF INDIA & G. T. R.

Daily at 7.40 a.m. and 3.20 p.m., from foot of Yonge St. (west side), for St. Catharines, Niagara Falls and Buffalo, New York and all points East. Solid trains to Buffalo. Quick time. Every Saturday and Wednesday afternoon excursions to St. Catharines, only 50c. round trip. Tickets at all G. T. R. and leading ticket offices and on wharf.



EXCURSIONS, EXCURSIONS: by the Steamer GARDEN CITY, from Toronto to Wilson, N. Y., or from and to any port on Lake Ontario. All persons desirous of arranging for excursions on this Popular New Palace Steel Steamer should communicate at once with the undersigned and avoid disappointment in a choice of dates.
THOS. NIBHAN, Manager.
W. N. HARRIS, Agent.
Telephone 235.
St. Garden City Office—Geddes' Wharf, Toronto, Ont.

Steamer Lakeside

Daily from Yonge Street Wharf, at 3.30 p.m., for St. Catharines, connecting at Port Dalhousie with G. T. R. for all points on the Welland Division, Niagara Falls, Buffalo and points East.
For tickets and further information apply to
W. A. GEDDES, 69 Yonge Street or wharf.

We Don't Advertise

Every week, also we could not attend to all our patients, but we can take time to sell you some of our elegant preparations which you will need to keep your skin in good condition while in the country or at the seashore.

All the prettiest ladies know, because the use of it, that nothing has been found to equal JAS. ROSEBROUGH'S for making you look and feel ever so much fresher, cleaner and younger. Of course you have tried it and want more. We are glad to answer all questions regarding toilet preparations or treatments. That Quick Hair Restorer is having a wonderful sale, because it always gives satisfaction. Superficial Hair, Moles, Warts, etc., permanently removed by Electrolysis. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for circular.

THE GERVAISE GRAHAM INSTITUTE
31 Avenue St. (College St.) Toronto. Tel. 1868.



POINTS OF MERIT

Of the Oxford Gas Range

Can readily be seen from our Illustrated Catalogue, or can be learned from stove dealers who sell them.

Tho' Better

the Oxford Gas Range does not cost more than other ranges and don't use much gas. They last longer, bake perfectly, cook splendidly and are economical. They are an ornament to any kitchen.

For Sale by All Reliable Dealers

The GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Ltd.
Showrooms, 506 King Street West

CARPETS CLEANED

When you go away for the summer leave your order with a responsible firm to take up, clean and relay your carpets. We guarantee all work to be perfect and at a reasonable cost. With years of experience we have attained a most perfect system.

J. & J. L. O'MALLEY

160 Queen St. West

Tel. 1057

TORONTO SAVINGS & LOAN CO.

Subscribed Capital.....\$1,000,000
Paid up Capital.....400,000
FOUR PER CENT interest allowed on deposits, and paid or compounded half-yearly. Money to lend.
F. W. SCOTT, Secretary,
10 King Street West.

MANDOLINS

"ECHO" MANDOLIN AND ARTIST MANDOLIN

Made by R. S. WILLIAMS & SONS CO. (Ltd.)
They are superior to all others. Remarkably pure in tone and most beautifully finished.
The "ARTIST" MANDOLINS also are a great success. Send for prices and descriptions.

The R. S. WILLIAMS & SONS CO., Ltd.
143 Yonge Street, Toronto

BRANCHES—London, Hamilton, St. Thomas, Brantford, Chatham, Kingston, Brockville, Ottawa.

DENTISTRY.

DR. HAROLD CLARK Tel. 1946

DENTIST
45 King Street West (Over Hooper's Drug Store), TORONTO.

MALCOLM W. SPARROW, Dentist
Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty
N. W. Cor. Spadina Ave. and Queen Street, Toronto.
TELEPHONE 2394.

N. PEARSON Telephone 1078

DENTIST

130 YONGE STREET
5 Doors North of Adelaide TORONTO

DR. CHAS. J. RODGERS

DENTIST
Oddfellows' Building, cor. Yonge & College Sts.

MR. FRANKLIN J. ANDREWS, Dentist

Room G, Confederation Life Building, Yonge and Richmond Streets, formerly Yonge and Queen Streets, Toronto. Telephone 1068.

MASSAGE.

MASSAGE—THOMAS J. R. COOK
Graduate of West End Hospital, London, Eng.
104 KING STREET WEST
References from leading physicians. Phone 1386.

MEDICAL.

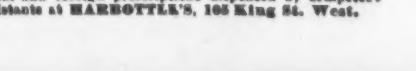
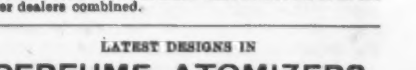
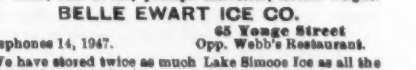
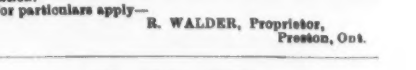
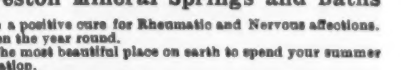
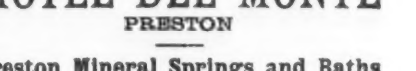
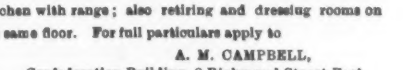
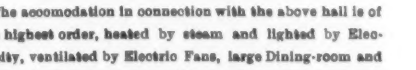
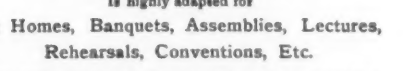
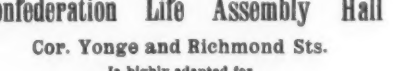
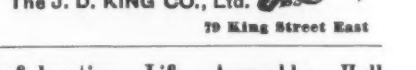
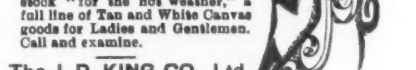
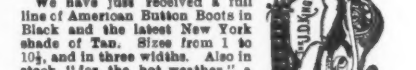
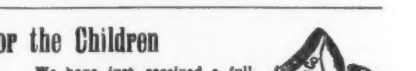
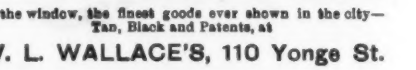
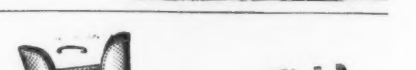
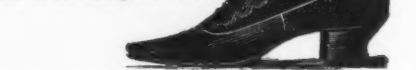
JOHN B. HALL, M.D., Homeopathist
326-328 Jarvis Street
Diseases of Children and Nervous Diseases of men and women. Hours—11 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.

A. M. ROSEBROUGH, M.D.

EYE AND EAR SURGEON
Has Removed to 223 Church St., Toronto

H. & C. BLACHFORD

Headquarters for Summer Footwear
If you want a shoe for Bicycling, for Running, Jumping, Lacrosse, Baseball, Yachting, the Beach, or Football, call and see their large and complete stock before purchasing.
83 to 89 King St. East



R. WALKER & SONS



We have just opened out a further shipment of all the newest styles of

Ladies' Heptonette Cloaks

The Girton, Teck, Presto, Iris, Sultan, Aleto, &c.

In all the new plain and fancy cloths, suitable for ladies' going abroad. Nothing more requisite when travelling. Prices from \$5. \$7, \$8.50 and \$9 up.

Ladies' Golf Capes

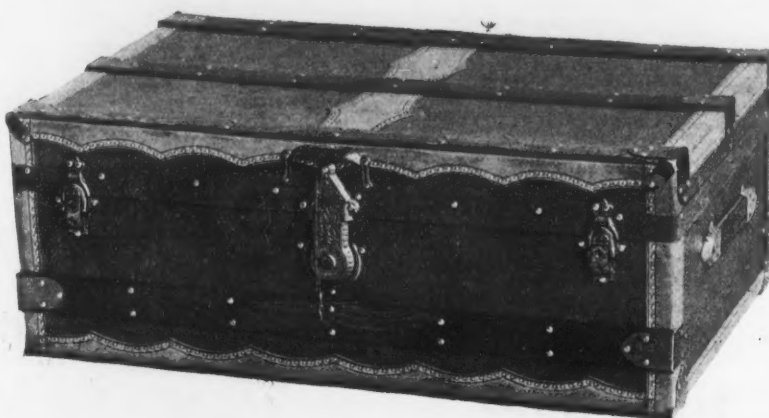
In the latest shapes and cloths, a great variety to select from, \$4.50 to \$15. The best up-on deck garments.

R. WALKER & SONS 33 to 43 King Street East

For Summer Travel

USE A

...Steamer Trunk



H. E. CLARKE & CO.

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co. of Toronto, Ltd.

MANUFACTURERS OF THE FINEST TRAVELLING AND LEATHER GOODS

105 King Street West

Hear

Our...

Transposing Pianos

And you will be so favorably impressed with this invention that

—Transposes any music
—into any key by a simple
—lever movement in a second.

That you will not rest until you have one for yourself.

HEINTZMAN & CO.

MANUFACTURERS

117 King St. West, TORONTO

Social and Personal.

On Wednesday evening a quiet wedding was celebrated at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Urquhart, Markham street, when their daughter Nettie and Dr. Thomas Page of Brantford were united in marriage in the presence of a few friends. Rev. W. J. Thamen performed the ceremony. The happy couple left the same evening for a short trip.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. R. Harris and daughter, of McCaul street, have taken up their abode for the summer at Humber Bay.

Miss Florence Ridout left on Monday for Montreal, where she will spend two weeks with her brothers, and will then go to the Green Mountains in Vermont for two months.

Mrs. Allan McNab of Jarvis street is spending a couple of weeks with relatives in and about Goderich.

Mr. Edwin, Mrs. and Miss Pearson have just returned from a trip of several weeks in the Eastern States. They spent a charming visit at the Sagamore, Green Island, Lake George, that hostelry famous for the number of "matches" made last summer under its roof.

The Misses Thompson of Bedford road have returned from Stamford, Conn., where they have been visiting their brother.

College street Presbyterian church was the scene of a very pretty wedding on Monday, June 17, when Miss Lotta Noxon, daughter of Dr. Noxon, was married to Mr. Neil McLean. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Alexander Gilray in the presence of a large number of people, including one hundred and fifty invited guests. At the appointed hour the bride, leaning upon the arm of her father, entered the church carrying a bouquet of bridal roses and dressed in the traditional white duchess satin, veil and orange blossoms, the veil being caught up with a diamond crescent. The bridesmaid, Miss Maud Trolley, wore a particularly charming costume of white silk trimmed with pearls, with picture hat to match, also pink gloves, and carried a bouquet of pink roses tied with ribbon of the same color. The maid of honor was the bride's little sister, Gladys Noxon, who was daintily dressed in a white silk accordion-pleated dress with hat to match, and carried a basket of flowers tied with blue ribbon. The bridesmaid and maid of honor wore pearl and turquoise rings, the gifts of the groom. As they proceeded up the aisle the organist played Mendelssohn's Wedding March. The groomsmen were Mr. Jack McLean of Lindsay, brother of the groom. The ushers were: Mr. F. Sanderson, Dr. Nichol, Mr. Quigley and Mr. James F. Fraleigh, who acted as master of ceremonies. After the ceremony the bridal party drove to Ashmore, the residence of the bride's parents, for luncheon, after which the happy couple, amidst a shower of rice and with best wishes, left for a trip to Eastern cities. The presents, which were many and handsome, indicate the kindly feelings entertained towards them by their numerous friends.

JOHN KAY, SON & CO. Wall Papers

HAVE JUST RECEIVED TWO LARGE CONSIGNMENTS OF

Brocades and Tapestries

SUITABLE FOR

CURTAINS, DRAPERIES AND FURNITURE COVERINGS

These Goods are far ahead of all previous efforts and many of the effects are of surpassing elegance.

To lovers of the beautiful we extend a cordial invitation to inspect them.

SAMPLE BOOKS (for the convenience of Patrons residing at a distance) will be mailed to any address.

JOHN KAY, SON & CO. 34 King Street West TORONTO

Coming.

Jebb, the well known eye specialist, will be at his office in the Rossin House Drug Store June 25 to June 28. Consultation and examination of the eye and sight free.

CHINA HALL



A Choice Selection of WEDDING GIFTS
JUNIOR & IRVING 49 KING ST. EAST TORONTO

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

OUTHBERTSON—June 11, Mrs. F. H. Outhbertson—a daughter.
VANCE—June 17, Mrs. G. M. Vance—a daughter.
TINDALL—June 14, Mrs. W. Tindall—a daughter (stillborn).

YVILLE—June 15, Mrs. Harry Yville—a son.

Marriages.

DE MENDONCA—ROGERS—On June 1, at St. John's Episcopal church, Brooklyn, N.Y., by Rev. George F. Reed, Charlotte M. Rogers, daughter of the late C. E. Rogers, to Mario de Mendonca, son of Senor Salvador de Mendonca, Brazilian Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington.
PAGE—URQUHART—At 273 Markham street, on Wednesday, June 19, by Rev. W. J. Lhamon, Dr. Thomas Page of Brantford to Miss Nettie Urquhart of Toronto.
LAWRENCE—BEEBE—At the home of the bride's brother, F. W. Beebe, 301 Spadina avenue, Toronto, on Monday, June 17, by Rev. A. J. Brughall, George B. Lawrence of Bennington, Vermont, U.S., to M. Alice Beebe of Cobourg, Ont., daughter of the late Major Beebe, United States Army.
DEYAN—ARMOUR—June 19, John W. Dryan to Nora Armour.
SIMPSON—CUNNINGHAM—June 19, W. J. Simpson to Nellie Cunningham.
SMITH—SMITH—June 18, Harry Smith to Agnes Smith.
CARB—TAIT—June 18, Sidney Carb to Clarice Tait.
CONOLY—METCALFE—June 18, Rev. W. J. Conoly to Mary Metcalfe.
MAJOR—TODD—June 19, Rupert E. Major to Annie Todd.
CASSELS—CHRISTIE—June 19, Larratt G. Cassels to Elizabeth May Christie.

Deaths.

HUTCHESON—June 16, Sarah Ann Hutcheson.
PEARSON—June 16, Margaret Rebecca Pearson.
RIDOUT—June 16, Frederick Ridout, aged 18.
WALTON—June —, Jane Brown Walton.

DR. G. L. BALL

Office, "The Forum," Yonge St. Tel. 2188. Hours, 9-5.
Residence, 54 Bedford Road. Tel. 4607. Hours, 8-10 p.m.

Wood Floors

In all the latest designs, at close prices. Also relief materials in original designs.

Grille Work

In plain and Mosaic patterns. Wood Carpet, Borders for rugs, &c.

William H. Elliott

For Arches and Doors, in turned and twisted wood.

40 KING STREET EAST



SUMMER ANNOUNCEMENTS

DOMINION DAY

SINGLE FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP

Going June 29, 30 and July 1st

SINGLE FARE AND ONE-THIRD

Going June 29th

All tickets good to return until July 2nd, 1895.

Canadian Pacific Upper Lake SS. Line

SS. MANITOBA will leave OWEN SOUND every MONDAY.

SS. ATHABASCA will leave OWEN SOUND every THURSDAY.

SS. ALBERTA will leave WINDSOR every SATURDAY, commencing JUNE 29th.

McKENDRY'S

JUNE 14th, '95.

Surprising Values

This month of June so far has been a revelation in great retail selling at this store. It is especially gratifying to know that our weekly talks to readers of SATURDAY NIGHT have been productive of new business relations which we know will always remain pleasant and mutually profitable. This store has gone past the milestone of experiment, and has come to be recognized as one of the great commercial centers of Canada. Employing hundreds of men and women, selling hundreds of thousands of dollars annually, and growing every day into greater favor with the buying public.

It is said that advertising is an art; maybe it is. The only attempt here is the art of telling facts about what there is to sell as plainly as English language will allow. All next week we offer the following very interesting good values. People living in town can see them any day; people out of town can order anything by mail.

100 pieces 72-inch "Fiberine" Dress Lining, regular 35c, for 25c; colors: cream and drab. 2 cases Fine Imported Twin Silesias, regular 15c, for 10c. 100 pieces Black Lining Book Muslin, a good 10c quality, for 5c. Black and White Heavy Corded Silk Belts, with the newest styles of silver-plated buckles, adjustable to fit any waist, special price, 49c each. Patent Steel Hair Curlers, 8c per doz. instead of 20c. Large Embossed Leather Shopping Bags, black sateen sides, pull string and handles, 25c each. Large spoons best Knitting Silk, all colors, 17c. American Perfumed Dress Shields, thin rubber lining, the best made, 19c pair. Seamless Stockinet Shields, medium size, 9c pair; smaller size 6c pair. 100 gross White and Smoked Pearl Buttons, from the size of a 25c piece to that of a 50c piece, with shanks or four holes, worth 35c to 75c a dozen, all offered at one price next week, 19c per doz. 12 inch Black Cut Jet Points for Dress Trimming, 15c each. Cut Jet Pointed Trimming, 1 in, 10c yard. New Narrow Cut Jet Nailhead Trimming, special at 5c yard. Special purchase of Ladies' Fine Silk Parasols and Umbrellas, steel rod, paragon frame, latest Parisian small fancy handles, good value at \$3.50, for \$2.50. Cream Sateen Parasols, with or without frill, \$1 and \$1.25 each. American Extra Long Waist Corsets, fast black, all sizes, regular price \$1.50, for 90c.

Our buyer has just returned from New York with the very latest things in Washing Blouses and Waists.

Ladies' Dongola Oxford Shoes, patent leather tips and trimmings, all sizes, only \$1.25 pair. Children's Oxford Shoes, tips and facings, 50c a pair. One big purchase over 5,000 yards best quality double-faced Satin Ribbon, two-tones, worth 40c, for 15c (samples by mail). 7 and 9 inch Pure Silk Black Chantilly Laces, 15c, worth double. Children's Extra Fine Leghorn Flop Hats, worth \$1.50, for 75c. Ladies' American Straw Sailors, latest styles, special at 38c and 75c each. Linen Department offers next week 87 pieces new Bleached Damask Table Linens at 50c and 60c per yd., worth 75c and \$1. 16-inch All-linen Crash Towelling, always 10c, for 7c. 100 dozen Ladies' Full-fashioned Bal-brigan Hose, worth 35c, for 19c pair. Ladies' Silk Taffeta Cycling Gloves, with cuffs, 20c pair, tan and black. Closing out next week all Spring Capes and Jackets at half price. Come with the daily crowds of buyers or write for samples.

McKendry & Co.

202, 204, 206 & 208 Yonge St., Toronto

MANLEY'S

CELERY Nerve Compound

WITH BEEF, IRON AND WINE

FOR

CONSTIPATION
DYSPEPSIA, DEBILITY
NERVOUS PROSTRATION
ALL WEAKNESSES
BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES

UNEQUALLED! UNSURPASSED!
NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL!

Based on
GLYCERINE
instead of
Alcohol.

TRY IT

Ask for MANLEY'S—Take no other.

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

Campagne General Transatlantique

FRENCH LINE

ONLY DIRECT LINE TO FRANCE

New Fast Express Steamer
A. FORGET, General Agent, R. M. MELVILLE, Agent,
New York. 34 Adelaide St. East, Toronto.